

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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TRENTON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1912.

5 CENTS A COPY

A SUCCESSFUL DEAF FARMER

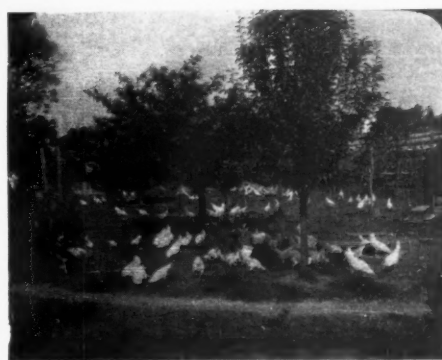
BY REV. C. O. DANTZER.



INTERIOR OF TOMATO HOT HOUSE



FRANK CHRISTMAN



CHICKEN YARD



ABOUT thirty-five miles above Philadelphia, on the gently sloping side of a hill overlooking beautiful Sellersville, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is the farm of Mr. Frank Christman. Many times a guest in his hospitable home, the writer has gone over the farm with its green-houses, poultry plant, barns, etc. He has marvelled at the comforts of this home with its city conveniences and country advantages. He has also gone into raptures over the magnificent view of valleys and distant hills with the clustering houses here and there. Seated in comfort in the sun-parlor behind fragrant havanas Mr. Christman and the writer have often sat chatting away, meanwhile drinking in the lovely scene before their eyes.

As yet Mr. Christman seems to have been too busy to run down to Philadelphia often enough to become thoroughly familiar with the Quaker City deaf. But those who have visited him have marvelled at his resourcefulness and push, and quite naturally have wanted to know something about his antecedents. To please the curiosity of such, the writer undertook to put Mr. Christman through a typical American interview, and here are the results:

Mr. Christman was born in Germany in 1861, and when but a few months old came to America with his parents and brothers, settling near Louisville, Ky., where for years his father had the finest truck garden in the whole county of Jefferson.

But shortly after his arrival in America he lost his hearing from *Cerebro-spinal meningitis* which was prevalent for some years after the Civil War. In 1875, he entered the Kentucky school at Danville, graduating in 1881. After this, for some years he followed the trade of a printer in Louisville

and Cincinnati. In 1887, he was called back to his *alma mater* to take the post of supervisor of boys. Here, in course of time, he met one of the teachers of articulation, Miss S. P. Yost, who seemed much interested in him. He was intelligent, cheerful and always ready to lend a helping hand in all good undertakings. He was, moreover, quite handy and resourceful—in short, he impressed every one, as well as Miss Yost, as being a thoroughly accomplished young man. And yet Miss Yost, with the true feelings of the pure oralist, felt that it was a great pity that one otherwise so well equipped should be dumb. "Surely," thought she, "there is no reason why he should not learn to speak, if some one capable of the task undertook the work of instruction and he himself took enough interest."

So, one fine day, she spoke to him about the matter. Now, Mr. Christman himself had long secretly cherished the idea of acquiring the power of speech.

Still skeptical of the ability of any one to impart to him this coveted accomplishment he jokingly offered to pay her five hundred dollars, spot cash, if she succeeded in the undertaking, never dreaming that she would accept the offer. But he evidently did not understand Miss Yost's earnestness, for she instantly accepted the offer on two conditions, first that he agree to be regular and punctual at his lessons and, secondly, that he exert his utmost endeavor to second her in her efforts. The agreement was entered into and she succeeded far beyond her own and Mr. Christman's dreams, for today he rarely finds it necessary to resort to "pad and pencil" in his ordinary conversation with people he meets. The exceptions are mostly when he is engaged in important business transactions. His enunciation is quite clear and distinct, the only peculiarity is that his accent is much like that of a German. The daily meeting with Miss Yost, as might be expected, ripened into a deep intimacy, and ultimately they were married in the spring of 1896, about which time, owing to ill health, he felt compelled to resign his post in Danville.

Mrs. Christman's childhood home was in Philadelphia, and here the couple came to visit her folks. Soon after they purchased a small farm of four

acres, near Sellersville, on which was a small house and barn. The previous owner had allowed things to run down, so that Mr. Christman secured the property at a very low figure. On taking hold of the property the house and barn were renovated and somewhat improved, Mr. Christman doing almost all the work himself. The place was also stocked with choice fruit-trees—ninety-seven of which are bartlett pears, now bearing fruit. The first poultry house was built for about seventy hens, mostly white wyandottes which were bought with the



THE GREENHOUSES OF FRANK CHRISTMAN

place. A cow was also kept. They were happy and contented and doing well then.

But Mr. Christman being thoroughly restored to health in 1901, they were both called back to the Kentucky School, where Mr. Christman now acted as teacher as well as supervisor of boys. Every summer, however, they came back to the farm and added improvements here and there. Another and larger poultry house was built in 1908, the dwelling enlarged and a steam heating plant installed.

In June, 1908, they finally severed their connection with the Kentucky School, to devote themselves exclusively to their little farm. That summer a greenhouse (25 x 100 feet) was built, Mr. Christman, as usual, doing part of the work himself. The big prices obtained, the following winter, for tomatoes they raised in the first greenhouse encouraged them to build a second one in the summer of 1909. They hope later to build a third greenhouse, for their largest profits are coming from the sale of winter tomatoes which bring large prices in Philadelphia.

They have also given much attention to their poultry department. They now have several pens of fine single comb white leghorns and one or two pens of fine single comb Rhode Island Reds. Fanciers all speak highly of the stock, while purchasers of both stock and eggs are enthusiastic over results. The improvements in the poultry department were gradual, as the proceeds of the business of the department allowed. Today the plant can accom-

modate five hundred hens the year around. After the third green-house is built, it is proposed to increase the capacity of the poultry department. They have one pen of Rhode Island Reds which averaged 196 eggs each a year—that is 1,568 eggs



RESIDENCE OF MR. CHRISTMAN

from eight hens a year! That means about \$3.65 per hen in eggs at summer prices!

Last year they added a neighboring strip of eight acres to the old place, which will enable them to grow all the food for their stock. They also keep two excellent milch cows, one of which is a fine Jersey, which they brought as a calf from Kentucky. But Mr. and Mrs. Christman have only started in their work, for during the last few years

they have been engaged mostly in adding or improving their place. On the four acres, including the green-house, they made about \$2,000 last year, when it was an especially bad winter for tomato raising. And Mr. Christman hopes that by the time he has his plant built, as he has planned, he will realize as much as \$5,000 annually.

Gold, however, is not the one ambition of this interesting couple, for it is their cherished idea to open an agricultural school for the deaf, and to qualify himself for his venture Mr. Christman is taking a State College Home Correspondence Course in Horticulture and Agriculture. Such a venture ought to be a success. There is the plant all ready, except the building to house the pupils, which will come up as the need seems certain. Mrs. Christman is an excellent oral teacher and pupils could continue taking oral instruction if they desired it. And, besides, Mr. Christman's practical knowledge as a horticulturist, gardener, poultryman and, in fact, all that comes under farming, he has abundant pedagogical experience. Such a school would open up opportunities to many of our progressive deaf.

But it has been asked, "Did Mr. Christman pay his wife the \$500 he promised in case she succeeded in giving him speech?" In reply, Mr. Christman is glad to say that he has paid it many times over and is still paying the bill, which, considering the results obtained, he finds it quite pleasant.

The Youngest State Association of the Deaf

THE youngest of the State Associations of the Deaf was launched in Birmingham, Alabama, the other day and it is a "lusty youngster," very much alive and kicking. A nucleus of about forty-two deaf got together in the coming metropolis of the South during Fair Week and proved themselves quite a side-show to the fair. That the deaf were in town created no little sensation in newspaper offices, the leading dailies rivalling one another in reporting the doings of the mysterious silent folk or, as near a substitute for news as could be made up.

It was some of Birmingham's hustling deaf, among whom are Osce Roberts, Walter and Alton Bell and Joe Brocato,



ALABAMA STATE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

association was keenly felt after he got through, and the enthusiastic crowd were prepared to vote right on the question. J. M. Robertson, champion of the sign-language, added some spice to the meeting with a few timely hits.

Meanwhile, Mr. H. McP. Hofsteater prepared a constitution and by-laws which was adopted. The election of officers resulted in as choice a bunch as ever graced a letter-head of one of the grand orders of good fellows, namely, President, Osce Roberts; Vice - President, Alton Bell; Secretary, Walter Bell; Treasurer, Joe Brocato. These, with Mr. Hofsteater, who drafted the Constitution, form the Executive Committee. Adjournment followed. J. H. MacF.



WALTER BELL, SECRETARY

who brought about the First Convention of the Alabama Association. Birmingham, the city that is "growing so fast that it has to keep its suburbs on wheels," was the natural point for the formation of the organization, the spirit of push and get-there of the place being contagious.

The commodious Y. M. C. A. building, which a number of the deaf of Birmingham use as a club house, was the scene of the meeting. The convention delegates, from all over the State, nearly filled the lower part of the auditorium. The meeting was called to order by Walter Bell, and W. S. Johnson, of the Talladega School, was chosen chairman. Some gilt-edged programs were to have been handed out, according to announcer Bell, but although they did not appear, none were needed, for the speakers put a gilt-edge on all they said.

Osce Roberts opened fire with the address of welcome, and a more graceful welcome was never delivered. He dwelt upon the slogan, "Greater Birmingham," applying it to the assembled guests in the superlative, "Greater Birmingham," in such a manner as to incite them to go and grow likewise. A fitting response was made by J. W. McCandless, in behalf of the out-of-town deaf and he showed himself duly impressed by the magnitude of "Greater Birmingham." Joe Brocato, one of the best known deaf of the state spoke of the need of an association, having as his subject, "Without an Association." Evidently the need of an



OSCE ROBERTS, PRESIDENT

THE LIFE OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE

By YVONNE PITROIS

(Continued)

CHAPTER V.

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE UNIVERSAL BENEFACTOR OF THE DEAF



AMONG the numerous facts dealing with the career of the Abbe de l'Epee one is worthy, to be, at least, briefly mentioned. It is what has been called the "Solar Affair."

In 1773 some countrymen found a boy, about ten years old, half undressed, fainting away on the road of Peronne, in the north of France. The good people took him, resuscitated him, and, when he had recovered his senses, questioned him, but in vain: the poor little fellow was deaf and dumb! A kind hearted lady sent him to Paris, where he was received in the great hospital named: "Hotel Dieu"—God's hotel.

There, three years afterwards, in 1776, the Abbe de l'Epee came to visit a sick person. The Mother Superior spoke to him of the forsaken deaf-mute, and presented the child to him. The Abbe was much moved at the sight of the boy; he questioned him in natural signs that the boy understood—or was supposed to understand—and it was learned that, by his answers, the boy had been wealthy, that he had lived in a beautiful house surrounded by a large garden, that his father had died, and that soon after, strange people had put a mask on his face, had obliged him to mount a horse behind an unknown man, that they had run about together a long, long time, and that, at last, the horseman had thrown him down on the road, where he had been found by peasants.

The Abbe de l'Epee, much struck by this thrilling story, took the boy out of the hospital, placed him in a boarding house with other deaf-mutes, received him among his day pupils, and began to teach him. At the same time, he made an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this boy's parents. He was told that, by a strange coincidence, precisely in 1773, a ten-year old boy, deaf and dumb by birth, named Joseph, the orphan son and heir of Count of Solar, had disappeared from the great southern town of Toutoute—just one month before the discovery of the lost deaf-mute at the other extremity of France! The Abbe was convinced that the noble boy and the foundling child were one and the same person, and that his infirmity was the only reason for which his relatives had tried to get rid of him. He took steps to restore to his pupil his name and his title. Unfortunately, the whole affair proved to be a very confused and hard one; all sorts of people interfered with it as volunteer witnesses; some persons declared that the lad was really the little Count of Solar, and declared upon oath to recognize him; other persons, on the contrary, swore as solemnly that the child was the son of miserable tramps. In fact, very disconcerting and amazing proofs were found on both sides! The public became interested in the controversy. It was the first time that so much attention was ever paid to a deaf-mute! Truly the adventure was a very romantic and exciting one. The personality of young Joseph added to its interest; he was a charming boy, quite refined in his manners, and far more like a little lord than a wretch, as my readers can see by this portrait of him, which proved to be quite popular at the time.

The Abbe de l'Epee exercised all his energies

towards securing the rights of his protegee. He obtained for him the protection and help of a French prince, and of several great personages. The affair was brought before the Court of Justice, the child was sent to Toutouse with a judge and an elder deaf-mute acting as interpreter, in order to see if he could recognize the place of his supposed birth and infancy; but he remembered nothing. After several trials, however, the tribunal decided that he was really the son of Count and Countess of Solar; but immediately the decision resulted in endless trials with all their chicaneries and wranglings.



JOSEPH, THE ORPHAN AND HEIR OF COUNT OF SOLAR

Certainly, while he sacrificed his peace and quietness to such painful debates, the Abbe de l'Epee had a double purpose. Not only did he wish to give back to his pupil what he thought was his legitimate property, but also, at a time when the deaf and dumb were denied of all their civil and judicial rights, he hoped the public authorities would mete out to them, as to others, justice.

The end of this story is very sad indeed. The trials lasted for years and years. The Abbe died before the final verdict of the Court, on the eve of the Revolution. Joseph was then about twenty-five. Soon after a second decision, cancelling the first one, forbade the youth to take the name of the Count of Solar, and nonsuited him of all his requests! Unfortunately, the Revolution scattered all the lords that had taken an interest in him; some of them were imprisoned, the prince died on the scaffold. The unfortunate deaf-mute, deprived of his protectors, friendless, homeless, hopeless, enlisted himself, in spite of his infirmity, in a regiment of cuirassiers, and a few months later was killed on

a battlefield, or, say others biographers, died on a hospital bed. The secret of his origin could never be revealed. This case remains among the most famous and most mysterious ones of the French judicial annals. * * * * *

If the Abbe de l'Epee had, all his life, many troubles and many sorrows, he had also many great and precious encouragements. The year following his adoption of little Joseph—1777—was a memorable one for the School of the Rue des Moulins. On a bright and sunny day in May, a man, simply dressed, escorted by some companions, presented himself at the door, and asked to be received by the Abbe de l'Epee. Nothing in him was different from common mortals—except this: the gentlemen that accompanied him spoke to him with hats off, while he always and everywhere—even into churches—kept his felt hat on his head, adorned with a white plume—a privilege of the sovereigns of old.

He was a sovereign, in fact, more than a King—an Emperor! The Emperor of Austria Joseph II, brother of the unhappy Queen Maria Antoinette, and consequently, brother-in-law of the ill-fated Louis the Sixteenth, that ruled in France at this epoch. Joseph II had come to Paris to visit his family, and, having heard of the school of the Abbe de l'Epee, he had resolved to visit it himself.

He arrived at the lesson hour, and asked to attend it. In spite of his simplicity the deaf children were certainly much frightened to appear before such a grand personage! But, trying to honor their loved teacher, they answered very well, surpassed themselves in all their exercises. Joseph II, as much charmed as surprised, remained to examine them, to question them, for more than two hours! At last he exclaimed, in an outburst of enthusiasm:

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbe, what you have achieved is splendid—splendid! I, too, have deaf people in my Empire. I have even at my Court a deaf and dumb young lady, of high rank, in whom I am deeply interested. Come to Vienna; you will give her an education; her parents will give you millions, if they only see her understand, and to be understood as these children are. You could, too, open a public school for the deaf of Austria; you will have the free disposal of all the money you would need, and I shall be happy to confer on you the titles, the honors you deserve so well!

"Sire," answered the Abbe de l'Epee gently and firmly, "if you wish me to teach your young lady, or any other deaf mute, send them to me. I shall receive them as my pupils, but I shall not accept any payment, any reward. Everything I do, I do it in God's name, for God's love and for the sake of these poor little ones He has confided to me."

During this conversation, the children, catching something of the brilliant proposals of the Emperor, had left their places. They moved nearer with much anxiety. They encircled the Abbe as if they tried to form with their bodies a safeguard around him. One of the youngest had seized his gown with his two tiny hands, to prevent him from going away, and he cast to the stranger threatening looks!

"Oh! Sire," went on the good teacher, tenderly pointing out the young unfortunates, "do you think that all the glory, all the riches of the world could decide me to abandon these dear children! No, no! My heart and life are theirs, their affection is my best reward! However," he added after some moments of reflection, "one can perhaps take

a measure that would be of use—not only to a deaf lady, but to all the deaf of your kingdom. Send me a hearing man of good intentions; when he returns to Austria, he will be able to open a school like mine for the benefit of your people."

The Emperor concluded that the Abbe de l'Epee was right. Some months after, having returned to his country, he sent him a priest with an autograph letter, in which he had written to him:

"Your school, which I have been so fortunate to admire, prompts me to send you the Abbe Storck, bearer of this letter. I hope he will be able to learn from you how to conduct a similar institution in Vienna."

The Abbe de l'Epee did his best to teach the Abbe Storck. Later on, the School for the Deaf in Vienna was a great success. The Emperor Joseph insisted on persuading the Abbe de l'Epee to accept the revenues of a rich Abbey as a reward. He was no more successful than the first time. "Sire," was the answer our benefactor wrote to him, "I am already an old man, and my head is bent towards the grave. It is not on my person—it is on the work of the deaf that you must pour the good you intended to honor me."

After the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of Russia, Catherine II, sent, in 1780, her ambassador with rich presents to the Abbe de l'Epee. The saintly priest refused them all. "I never accept gold," he said. "Tell her majesty that, if she wishes to prove her esteem for me she must send me a pupil born deaf and I shall teach him freely."

At this epoch, the task of the Abbe de l'Epee, already so great, had doubled itself. While, on one side, he taught his deaf children, on the other side, he instructed future teachers—deaf and hearing—who, later on, would also give themselves up to the little silent ones, and multiply, by spreading the

good he had accomplished over France and all around the world.

The first disciple of the Abbe de l'Epee, the Abbe Sicard, was sent to him by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. On his return to the South of France, he opened, with the help of his friend, Saint Sernin, the second public school for the deaf which ever existed—now our National Institution for Deaf Girls.

After the Abbe Sicard, priests and nuns, laic gentlemen and ladies came to the Abbe de l'Epee from Angers, Riom, Rhouen, Le Mans, Toulouse, Chartres, Epinal, and other towns in various parts of France, and, thanks to their labors, the teaching of the deaf attained, some years after, a splendid development in the whole country.

Not only that; but in addition to the Abbe Storck of Vienna, foreign students came to Rue des Moulins from all parts of Europe. Protestant countries, as well as Roman Catholic ones, sent men to be trained as teachers: Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, etc. Propagated by these teachers, the method of the Abbe de l'Epee benefited England, Scotland, Sweden and Russia. Later on, when the New World—through little Alice Cogswell's frail hands—was wide open to the redemption of the deaf and dumb, it was in Paris, in the Institution founded by the Abbe de l'Epee, that Pastor Gallaudet found the teaching, the help that had been refused to him elsewhere.

Then, it is not exaggerated to say that the Abbe de l'Epee is really the UNIVERSAL benefactor of prisoners of silence. What our country, our people, our creed can be, let us offer to him our common homage of gratefulness and veneration!

His only wish was that he might be able to extend again and again his labor of love. In his tender compassion, longing to come to the rescue of

the unfortunate ones deprived at the same time of hearing, speech, and light, he wrote in 1774:

"I offer, with all my heart, to my country and to the neighboring ones, to undertake the education of a child—if one can be found who is deaf and dumb, and even blind at the age of two or three. I hope that the divine mercy, could never permit a being afflicted in such a terrible manner to be born. But if there is only one, let him be brought to me, so that I may contribute, by my care, to the great work of his salvation."

Inspired by this touching appeal, in spite of the active researches he made all through Europe during the last years of his life, the Abbe de l'Epee died before having discovered the much-wished for pupil. Alas! There were certainly many deaf-blind children, but their parents were ashamed of them, and hid them still more carefully than the deaf! And perhaps God, in his great wisdom, thought that His faithful servant had done enough to bring forth His Kingdom on earth, and intended to give to others this supreme task: the teaching of the deaf, dumb and blind.

Today, if miracles have been realized in the education of these afflicted among all afflicted ones, it is thanks to the method of the Abbe de l'Epee, and in following the impulse given by him. So the deaf-blind—our brothers and sisters in misfortune—must join us in our thanks to the great apostle of mercy and love, the first that ever tried to bring into their deep, deep darkness a beam of the Spiritual Light.

(To be Concluded.)

YVONNE PITROIS.

A French copy in book form, with illustrations, of the "Life of the Abbe de l'Epee," can be sent on the receipt of *ten cents* in American or English stamps, to Mdlle Yvonne Pitrois 6 rue Hemon, Le Mans, (Sarthe), France.

PUBLIC OPINION

By J. H. CLOUD



WE had occasion to visit the Pacific Coast cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle last summer. It was our first visit to that far famed land. We had heard its praises extolled by friends and tourists but nothing we heard approached the truth as we found it. The climate was delightful, the scenery wonderful and the people hospitable, bright and progressive.

Columbus was right in insinuating upon "seeing America first" when on his initial trips across "the sea of darkness" his sailors importuned him to turn back.

The illustrations provided for this issue are so abundantly able to speak for themselves that we refrain from further comment aside from introductory notes.

* * *

The Atlanta School for Deaf Children is one of the regular grades of the Public School System in Ashby Street School, and affords day school privileges for all the pupils of the city who needs its tuition and special methods.

The combined method is used in teaching, the oral, aural and manual methods being adapted to the needs and capabilities of each pupil. Lip-reading and articulation, improvement of imperfect speech and all the modern possibilities come within its range.

Superintendent William M. Slaton of the Atlanta City Schools was one of the warmest advocates of a combination of teaching methods for deficient. He argued that no good, that could be accomplished for a child, should be overlooked or sacrificed because of a fad for oralism pure and simple. He stated that when former ability to speak had been lost, partially or wholly, from encroaching deafness, or any memory of speech or any aptitude for speech should show up in a child, that should be fostered, improved and held to the last limit of oral instruc-



WILLIAM M. SLATON
Supt. Public Schools, Atlanta, Ga.

tion. But, he believes that the easier methods of manual signs, suggestive and helpful gesturing, and finger spelling could be used with and for oral pupils in connection with other aids to speech by imitation of teacher's lips and the various helps for the utterance of certain consonants.

Mr. Slaton set his face like flint against any single method, whether oral or manual, but insisted that all the known methods be used and none excluded

that would be available or helpful in any possible way in the development of the imperfect child.

The City Board of Education, under the presidency of Col. W. R. Daly, concurred in Supt. Slaton's views by special resolution authorizing the establishment of the grade for deaf pupils.

A search for a teacher covered several weeks and, from a number of well known thoroughly equipped teachers, they selected Mrs. Sarah Small Temple, of the Oklahoma School, as teacher of the deaf.

The class is small at present, but a number of applications are in for the entry of pupils a little later and it is believed this grade will grow in interest and importance and become one of the most valuable and useful features of the city schools.

In the agitation of the question for the establishment of the school no one was more persistent and untiring than Mr. W. F. Cruesselle, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, whose long interest in the deaf and education of the deaf by sign and speech has been thoroughly understood by the deaf people of Atlanta and the entire state.

* * *

The Gallaudet monument should be restored, but whether or not it should be restored on its present site—on the grounds of the American School at Hartford—is another matter. It is reported that the school itself is "tumbling to pieces along with the monument" and that there is talk of removing it to a new site in the suburbs. To restore the monument now and later remove it to a new location would practically double the estimated cost of the restoration alone. If the present site of the American school is destined to become a public park, or the site of a public building after the school has been removed, the monument had better be restored and left where it now stands where it could serve as an historical landmark—marking the site of the school founded by Gallaudet. Restore the monu-



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. N. V. LEWIS, LOS ANGELES.



NO 1--RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK E. ELLIS, LOS ANGELES.

ment where it will not again be molested or neglected.

Prince Don Jaime second son of the King of Spain is deaf. We fancy that Don Jaime is likely to find that royal pedigree is a greater handicap than deafness. The freeborn American "barefoot boy," who

Mr. J. H. MacFarlane spent the greater part of last summer at Lake Darling and in the fall gave the world an illustrated write-up of the Darling

Louis early this month. The many and mighty changes wrought in the St. Louis sky line since his previous visit several years ago will make each particular hair on Jay's head to stand on end.

The dictagraph seems destined to boast the sign-language and play the mischief with pure oralism.



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. WOOD, NEAR OXNARD, CAL., ABOUT SIXTY MILES NORTH OF LOS ANGELES

Mr. Wood is the largest individual land owner of the deaf residents of the State. His home, which was recently completed and has every modern convenience, is situated on a 600 acre ranch. Mr. Wood owns about 400 acres more nearby which is leased to other parties. Mr. Wood is a practical and successful farmer.

happens to be deaf, eventually gets into a good public school where rational teaching methods prevail and signs are not excluded. With a princely purse and in feudal isolation poor Don Jaime will probably be another tidbit for the oral octopus.

According to Mark Twain French decorations are so like the measles that few escape them. It is noteworthy to observe however that most of the Americans in attendance at the De l'Epee centennial celebration at Paris last summer were immune.



DORIS

Eldest daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kline near the pier at Long Beach, California.

Camp. How a handsome and susceptible young bachelor like J. H. Mac can think of Darling during the winter and spring without committing himself is problemal.

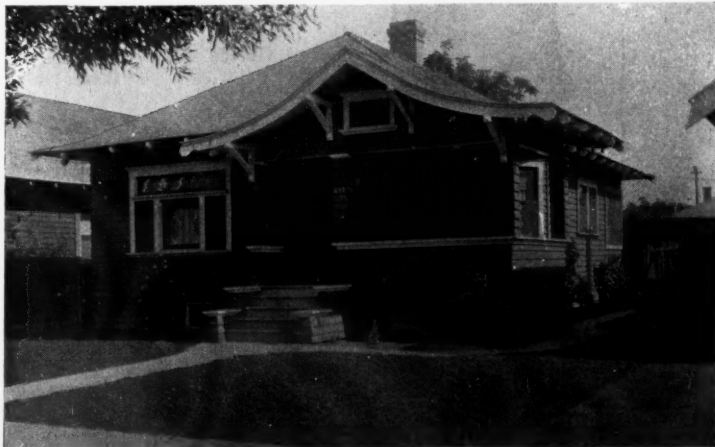
Mr. Jay Cooke Howard has promised to visit St.



AT THE HOME OF MR. B. M. WOOD NEAR OXNARD, CAL. Messers Ellis, Price and others helping Mr. Wood build his barn.

BIRTHS

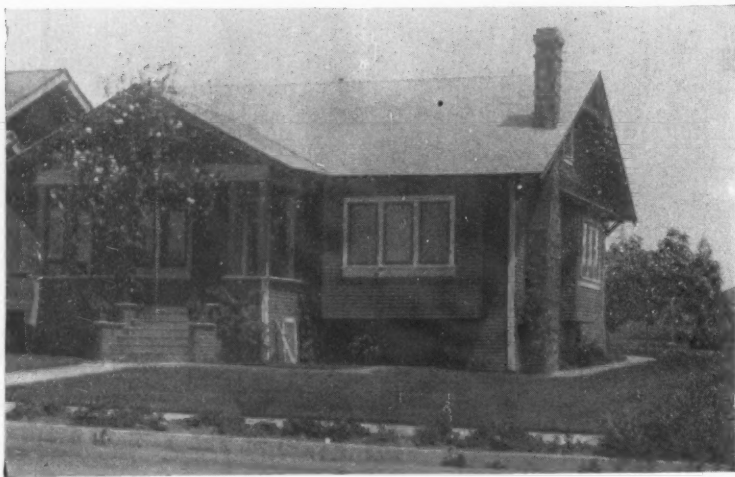
The stork called at the suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gunner, 10918 Prospect Ave., Morgan Park, Ill., during the afternoon of October 28th, 1912, and left a little girl weighing nine pounds, which is named Annie Augusta, after two grandmothers. She was welcomed with open arms by the family, more so by her seventeen months old brother "Billy." The latter went into ecstasies of delight over the appearance of a playmate. Mrs. Gunner, nee Maude German, is a graduate of the Mount Airy School and Mr. Gunner is from Texas, though is well known in New York city, where he resided for two years. He is now located in Chicago and holding a responsible position in the accounting department of the Rock Island Railroad Company.



NO. 2--HOME OF MR. AND E. M. PRICE, LOS ANGELES.



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY DAHL, LOS ANGELES.



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. WARD, LOS ANGELES.



No. 3—RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. M. ANDREWS, LOS ANGELES.



ALICE, MARION AND HELEN

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Seattle. These children are unusually bright for their ages and their amiable dispositions and lady-like deportment attract attention wherever they are met.

RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. WARD, LOS ANGELES
About one-third of the deaf residents of Los Angeles live in homes of their own. The above is the fourth home owned by Mr. Ward in Los Angeles. Each succeeding home being better than the last and each of the other homes having been sold at a good profit.



RESIDENT OF MR. HANSON, ARCHITECT, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, AND LAY READER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SEATTLE

The above illustration shows the second residence Mr. Hanson designed and built for himself at Seattle. It is located near the University of Washington. Mr. Hanson has designed a number of fine residences and other buildings for his home city and elsewhere. Among his latest work were extensive additions to the State School for the Deaf at Vancouver.



MRS. OLOF HANSON ON THE PORCH OF HER BEAUTIFUL HOME AT SEATTLE

One of Mrs. Hanson's recreations is to edit the *Seattle Observer*, a bright, newsy little sheet, a staunch champion of the sign-language and of the Hanson Administration of the N. A. D.



HOME OF MRS. REAVES, LOS ANGELES

The late Mr. Reaves was for years a teacher in New York.



MRS. ALLEN WADDELL, MISS CHENWOETH AND MISS MAMIE PEEK

Who were schoolmates at the Illinois School in the seventies, having a reunion of their own at Los Angeles.



E. M. PRICE OF LOS ANGELES

Awarded a bronze medal and \$1,000 by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for saving the life of a little girl at the risk of his own. Mr. Price was educated at the California and Washington Schools and at Gallaudet College. Mr. Price has a brilliant record as a foot-ball and base-ball player in minor league coast teams. He is a leader in Los Angeles along fraternal and dramatic lines.



MR. AND MRS. N. V. LEWIS, LOS ANGELES, AND THEIR PETS

Mr. Lewis is an expert printer and has his own plant. So well and favorably is he known for the excellence of his work that he has all he can do without having to hang out a sign or solicit orders. Mrs. Lewis is one of the most accomplished needle workers in the country and has numerous samples of her rare skill to show her friends. Her brother was the late Thomas Widd, sometime principal of the Mackay School for the deaf, Montreal, and for several years lay reader at Los Angeles.

Explanatory Note

No. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were educated at the Iowa school. Before coming to Los Angeles they lived in Oklahoma. Mr. Ellis won a claim when the country was opened for settlement during Harrison's administration.

No. 2.

One thousand dollars of the money paid for this home was given Mr. Price by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for his bravery in saving a little girl from being killed by an electric car.

No. 3.

Party in honor of Mesdames Sonneborn, Lefi and Miss Peek, of Chicago.



MR. CHARLES LAWRENCE, HIS BRIDE AND NEW HOME IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PORTLAND
From her home Mrs. Lawrence can see *alma mater*, the Washington School at
Vancouver, on the opposite side of the Columbia river.



Rev. P. J. Hasenstab of Chicago at work on his new summer cottage at
Lake Delavan Assembly Ground near Delavan, Wis.

PENNSYLVANIA

BY J. S. REIDER



HE last convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 22-24, 1912, came singularly near being the most unique one in the history of the Society. As it was, Father Time deprived the Society of a rare distinction. This is how it came to be so.

It happened that at the time of the convention the Rev. Father Curran, of the leading Catholic Church in Wilkes-Barre, was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate there and had as his special guest Ex-President Roosevelt. When Messrs. Ziegler and Reider alighted from a Lehigh Valley train at midnight of Wednesday, August 21st, one of the very first persons they were introduced to by Mr. James G. Williams, the leading deaf man of the locality, was Father Curran. The Priest is conversant with the manual alphabet and proved it in the conversation that followed. He is a friend and neighbor of Mr. Williams and the latter took advantage of the opportunity to ask him if he could not bring Mr. Roosevelt to the convention of the deaf, even if only for a few minutes. Father Curran at once asked "What time?" Mr. Williams replied on Thursday morning. He then said that Mr. Roosevelt's time in the morning was all engaged but he believed that they could motor around for a short visit at noon. That was satisfactory to both and the Priest promised to do his best to bring his guest. The whole population was paying homage to its distinguished guest; the newspapers talked only Roosevelt, and the flourishing little city was in gala attire. To have the most popular and most widely known man in America visit its convention was regarded by the deaf as a distinction and honor of the rarest occurrence if, indeed, it could be brought about. Some, however, believed the news too good to be true and treated it lightly,

while others, comparatively few, received it with as much expectancy as for any thing of lesser importance.

When the hour of twelve came and the convention was about to adjourn the President requested that the audience remain in the hall until half-past twelve. Meanwhile a telephone message was sent to Father Curran asking him if it were possible to bring Mr. Roosevelt and at what time, and the reply was that they would pass the High School Building, in which the convention was held, at about twelve-thirty, and suggesting that the deaf be ready to greet him at the entrance. Accordingly the people occupied the spacious steps in front of the imposing building, where, while waiting, they were photographed.

Twelve-thirty passed and when Mr. Roosevelt did not heave in sight more than half of the crowd lost faith in Father Curran's promise and dispersed to their hotels for dinner which none cared to miss.

alone enjoyed the pleasure of grasping the former President's hand. The majority, when they learned that Mr. Roosevelt did come around to meet them, realized that a regretful mistake had been made. We do not know how Father Curran felt about it, but we know that the deaf of Pennsylvania who attended the Wilkes-Barre convention let slip an opportunity that is not likely to ever occur again.

The Society was peculiarly fortunate in securing the use of the auditorium of the new High School Building, one of the finest and largest buildings in Wilkes-Barre, for its meetings. It is located in the heart of the city, about one block from the City Hall, and therefore was easily accessible to reach on foot. It was conceded to be the best meeting place the Society ever had. The whole building and grounds looked fresh and new, as if they had just been handed over to the deaf by the contractor for occupancy for the first time. The auditorium, modeled after that of a first-class theatre with slanting floor, high stage and seats arranged in a semi-circle, combined with a huge skylight in the ceiling and rows of electric lights around the room to make it the most beautiful, cheery and convenient place of meeting, in every way adapted to the needs of a convention of the deaf that we have seen.

One of the best lessons we learned at this convention was to be more careful in future to select a stopping place that can be depended upon to give thorough satisfaction or a reputable hotel instead of making a bee-line for the most conveniently located one, whose outward appearance is apt to deceive us. Now, the Committee of

Arrangements is charged with the duty of selecting the hotels which it is able to recommend to the delegates or members of the convention during their stay in the convention city, and the places printed on the circular which this committee issues are therefore



WILKES-BARRE CONVENTION, P. S. A. D.

They had hardly passed out of sight, leaving a few faithful ones behind, when, sure enough, Father Curran redeemed his promise and presented his guest before the High School Building only to find that all but a few had departed, which few

taken to be good places, that is safe and reputable, and, guided by them, each selects the one whose rate suits his or her purse. It is unreasonable to suppose that the President of the Society or any other one, would wish to trust his all to any disreputable place for the mere sake of economy. Yet we confess that a regrettable mistake was made in our choice of a stopping place at this convention, which choice was also the means of drawing some fifteen or twenty-five others to the same place. This particular place was *third* in a list of *nine* hotels printed on the circular of the committee. As far as we could learn, it was a comparatively new place, situated almost opposite the Lehigh Valley R. R. Station, and though not large yet a good place for a two dollar per day rate. We remembered too that at the Harrisburg Convention a larger and better hotel, where Senator Quay used to stop, charged us only \$2.50 per day, so we were led to believe that this Wilkes-Barre one was far inferior to it because of the slight difference in rates. But, presto! while taking a little walk we met the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements and his first inquiry was for our stopping place and we promptly and without fear replied at the ——— Hotel. In beautiful and impressive disgust, the Chairman's next retort was something like "Pooh, Bug House!" To say that we were stung is putting it mildly. "Stunned" is a more apt term, and it came too like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The surprise was too great for us to forget soon and it still seems unforgettable.

The funny thing about it, and which we are at a loss to understand, is why did the Chairman or his committee recommend a "bughouse" and advertise it third on the circular, making it seem to be the third best place and inferring that the six others were inferior places. Truly, it "passeth our understanding."

We are aware that the narration of this incident will cause fun at our expense, but we hope also that it will show to others, who become intrusted with similar work, the folly and mistake of recommending to their fellow-deaf what they themselves can not approve. In our own State of Pennsylvania we sincerely hope that no such error will again be deliberately perpetuated. It is bad enough for one to fall into a pit, but it is worse to lead others into it. The President of the Society should also exercise greater care in giving his approval to the arrangements of a convention, and that shall be our concern hereafter.

From the beginning to the end of the convention nothing gave us more disappointment than this unfortunate choice of hotel—and others have said the same thing.

The social arrangements of the Wilkes-Barre convention were admirable, thanks to Mr. James G. Williams and his able assistants. Mr. Williams' aim was not to grind dollars and cents out of the visiting deaf, but rather to extend to them all the hospitality which the slender means of the Local Committee allowed. Months before the time of the convention these Wilkes-Barre deaf raised what funds they could for the entertainment of the convention visitors. That is the right spirit and the right way for a local committee to go about and it would be infinitely better if the Wilkes-Barre example was more generally followed at other places where a convention is held. From the experience we have gained the past six years, we do not believe in coaxing the deaf to a convention and then assuring them every pleasure to be enjoyed or making all the money out of them possible. The intention may be well-meaning, but the principle is wrong. Better inducements should be held out for attending conventions and joining and working for the Society. The social opportunities should be the best that can be provided with the least expense to the visitors. This, of course, does not include distant or all-day excursions and similar affairs which can not be provided free. The visitors know that they must pay for such pleasure any where. Banquets and soirees, too, can not be provided free,

but, in many cases, they are not desirable and not so enjoyable as a reception with light refreshments at the end, which can be provided at small cost by the Local Committee. In short, the aim should always be to keep expenses down to induce a larger attendance at the conventions. Such an effort was made at Wilkes-Barre and we should like Shamokin, where the next convention will probably be held, to emulate it.

Were not our space limited we would talk more about matters in connection with this convention, so we will close with a hearty "Hurrah, for Wilkes-Barre!"

One of the most interesting lectures we have enjoyed for a good while was the one given by Mr. Henry J. Haight on "France and the World's Congress of the Deaf," at All Souls' Hall on Saturday evening, November 9th, last. It was illustrated by some sixty stereopticon slides which were more beautiful than words could depict. Among the list were a number of scenes in connection with the recent Congress that excited especial interest among the deaf. Excepting a few slides, which Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, of New York, loaned for the occasion, they were all provided at Mr. Haight's expense, who also generously entertained the audience at the close of the lecture with refreshments. For these services hearty thanks are due to Mr. Haight. The lecture was given for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D.

The first bids for the new All Souls' Church and Parish House were all too high, the lowest being slightly over \$51,000. Therefore, the plans were altered in several places where a saving could be effected without changing the general plan as originally shown. These changes brought the cost down to \$45,000, or slightly less. The contract for building has been given out and work will be started as soon as possible by the contractor.

THE GAME OF CARDS

*Our life is but a game of cards,
Which each man has to learn.
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack,
And each his trump doth turn.*

*Some turn a high card to the top,
While others turn a low.
Some hold a hand quite flush with trumps,
While others none can show.*

*When hearts are trumps we play for love;
Then pleasure decks the hour.
No thought of sorrow checks our joys
In friendship's rosy bower.*

*When diamonds chance to crown the pack,
Ah! then men stake their gold
Large sums are often lost and won
By gamblers young and old.*

*Each must his neighbor closely watch
For fear he may cheat,
And he must be a wiry man
Who never meets defeat.*

*When clubs are turned look out for war
On ocean, sea, or land,
For horrid deeds are often done
When clubs are in the hand.*

*But what at last completes our game
In every land and clime
Is when the spade is turned from trumps
By the rugged hand of time.*

*No matter how much each may win,
Or how much each may save,
You'll find the spade turns up at last,
And digs each other's grave.* —Anon.



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway New York.



OME kind friend sends me a program of an entertainment arranged by the Horace Mann Benevolent Association of Massachusetts. This is, of course, an organization of oral graduates and the circular is headed:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—The members of the Horace Mann Benevolent Association take with pleasure of forwarding to you and all, our circular announcing our coming Fancy Dress Carnival and Benevolent Ball to be held on Friday Evening, October 11, 1912, the evening before Columbus Day, which we herewith enclose."

In many years' experience I do not recall so clumsy phraseology in any circular or similar reading matter sent out by deaf people. Are the oral graduates over-rated so far as their English is concerned?

It would seem so.

A fluent correspondent sends this item to a popular paper for the Deaf:

"A prominent hardware dealer, a friend of your scribe, who uses the manual alphabet with a marked degree of fluency, informs him that he will journey to New York City next February, when the convention of the hardware dealers will convene there. He urges him to go along. Unless the unforeseen happens, ye local will accompany his friend to that cosmopolitan city.

REX."

All of which is interesting, if true.

It is nearly fifteen years since a young man came out of the South and raised high our hopes of hearing again. Miller Reese Hutchinson was his name and soon his fame was heralded afar. The Institutions took him up, and his invention, the Acousticon, promised much. It did not meet all that Mr. Hutchinson claimed for it—nor did it meet all that Mr. Hutchinson hoped for, but though it did not give us who are totally deaf the alleviation Mr. Hutchinson expected, it has helped the partially deaf and today there are theatres and churches whose seats are equipped with Mr. Hutchinson's device, which may be reserved for partially deaf people, for the asking.

No one ever doubted Mr. Hutchinson's sincerity nor his honesty of purpose. In 1898 he journeyed from New York to St. Paul and back again to show his invention and allow a full, fair and free test of its merits before the National Association of the Deaf. Mr. Hutchinson was then a mere boy, but he showed a keen interest in the deaf and became as one of them. We became fast friends then, and in the years that have passed by we have not lost sight of each other. When Mr. Hutchinson had developed the Acousticon to a point where nothing further could be added to it, he disposed of it to a concern which now manufacture and market it under the title of the Acousticon Company. Mr. Hutchinson soon afterward became interested in general engineering and took up consulting electrical engineering as a profession and found time to develop the most effective auto-horn on the market. Quite recently Mr. Hutchinson became associated with Thos. A. Edison as Chief Engineer of the Edison Companies. The other day the president of the Edison activities resigned and the newspapers say that Mr. Edison favors Mr. Hutchinson for the vacancy.

Mr. Hutchinson lives out near Montclair, N. J., with a beautiful country place, a charming wife and three children. In his career, young as he is, he



RAYMOND BURDSALL'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Mr. Burdsall, a graduate of the New Jersey School, has built up a prosperous business in Tuckerton, N. J. He can be seen standing in the door way.

MR. WILLIAM HUTTON OF BURLINGAINE, CALIFORNIA.
(A Suburb of San Francisco)

Mr. Hutton is a fine marble worker. The columns of the Hibernia Bank, Palace Hotel and Union Trust Company, San Francisco, are specimens of his skill. The picture shows an onyx checker board made by Mr. Hutton.

has had remarkable experiences and ups and downs as well. He started with nothing but his knowledge of electricity, made a great deal and then lost it all, though there was no need to, as his liability was not personal.

Edison's fame is made for all time, and now it is probable that Edison's secrets will pass to Hutchison. What may we not expect of such a combination!

Edison is very deaf, but knows very little of other, and, I may say, deafer people. Hutchison knows deaf people thoroughly—he spells on his fingers as good as the best and we can, in all sincerity, look to him for deliverance if there is to be any deliverance from our lot.

To persons who have been deaf as long as I have, of course the hope of ever hearing again is the feeblest sort of flickering hope, so feeble, in fact, that we look on the possibility with such remote hope as we might look on the possibility of possessing Carnegie's millions.

But to younger people, and people whose deafness is of recent acquisition, the reading of any single issue of any daily paper of the present must fill one with radiant hope.

Electricity and its myriad of wonderful accomplishments. The conquest of the air; the discoveries and successes of our modern medical and surgical achievements; the repair of broken skulls with steel nails hammered in after being sterilized; the replacing of diseased bones by similar ones taken from animals.

Wireless telegraph—wondrous and almost unbelievable, and the thousand and one other wonders—even to the restoration of sight to the blind, makes it seem sure as the dawn follows each night that it is no iridescent dream to picture a people among whom none are totally deaf!

On behalf of all the deaf who know him and love him for his goodness to us and the sincerity of his efforts in all our behalfs—and without authority, I want to tender sincerest felicitations to Miller Reese Hutchison. When he travelled and lived with the New York delegation to the St. Paul Convention he tried awfully hard to forget he was a hearing man in his sincerity of purpose to be one of us for the time being, and he made good—and has made good ever since—but long years after these lines are faded away he will have made so tremendously good that he will rank with the greatest in humanitarian achievements!

There is a splendid article on "Lucid Manual Spelling" going the rounds, and as it originally appeared in the *Arkansas Optic* I am very right in deciding that its author is Jonathan Holbrook Eddy. It is all true and it is all good. It adds to the weight of one's affliction to have to read spelling that is an abomination. I expect the very rapid speller who aims to combine legibility and speed, but all others are to be condemned. Normal people

would lose all patience if they had to listen to speech that was merely a jumbled jargon, out of which they could only understand a word here and there which would not serve to make the meaning of any part clear.

Many of us are not blessed with the best of eyesight and the strain of guessing at the meaning of an indistinct speller spoils all the pleasure of a conversation. Recall the people with whom you find a spelled conversation a treat and a delight and in every case you will find them good, clear, distinct spellers.

I would far rather have to decipher illegible handwriting than to watch a bad speller. With the handwriting one may study and go backward and forward, but with the speller, a word once reeled off is lost forever and you may or may not catch enough of what may follow to understand the whole.

The condition of total deafness brings one into many embarrassing situations, perhaps the very worst of which is to stand and appear to be a stupid blundering blockhead because you are unable to comprehend abominable, careless, indifferent spelling and an audience of hearing strangers looking on awaiting the information you could give and would give if the query was only put to you in an intelligible manner. Your request to have it repeated to you only adds to your seeming density and thick-headedness!

There are fewer lots as hard to bear as total deafness, but by a seeming dispensation of all-wise Providence those selected to carry the burden are those best able to, dove-tailing in with the eternal fitness of things, we even smile when the hardship is made harder and prove that the burden bearer is a burden bearer by the fitness of selection.

I am not kicking—I never have kicked on my deafness! I am not conceited when I boast that few deaf people have written more about the condition and looked on the "what can't be cured must be endured" phase of it. I do emphatically protest on its being made an unnecessarily severe burden! Hearing and deaf people are alike to blame and from this time I am enlisted as a private in the S. F. T. P. A. E. O. L. S., which being translated would read the Society for the Promulgation and Encouragement of Legible Spelling.

Here is a mighty interesting letter from Chefoo. I have a splendid photograph of the School, but unfortunately too small to reproduce well:

"SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, CHEFOO, CHINA,
Oct. 11, 1912.

MR. ALEX L. PACH,
935 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.
DEAR MR. PACH:—Things are intensely interesting here in China, with changes so rapid that it makes one catch one's breath. Last week I attended the dedication of the new building of a girls' school (hearing) back in my old mission station at Teng Chow Fu. Thousands came to see and listen. Here in our school we are getting along splen-

didly. Two new pupils have just arrived and others are coming. I wish you could see our boys and girls. When my assistant, Miss Carter, returns I plan to make another trip to Peking and other cities, in the interests of schools for the deaf. Miss Carter is now in America and is often in New York. I wish you could see her. She will be returning to China either next March, or in the autumn.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
MRS. A. T. MILLS.

Mrs. Mill's son has been in New York for some months and we have met frequently. I find him a rare good young man and the Board of Missions think so well of him that they are sending him to his old home as General Treasurer (Field). Mrs. Mills can well be proud of her son and her school.

Commenting on my remarks concerning the rarity of deaf teachers being appointed, a friend writes:

"DEAR A:—I have come across the accompanying clipping in several of the Institution papers, and, knowing your honesty of purpose, and that you feel very much as I do about the discrimination against young deaf men and women, I would turn your attention to another phase of the question. I do not know who were the Superintendents whom you questioned.

In the schools which they control, they will take 'any old kind' of a hearing applicant for a position rather than give the most brilliant deaf college graduate—man or woman—even an opportunity to show what he or she can do.

Did you ever stop to think how ludicrous and insufficient was the answer they gave. They expect deaf teachers to start at once and be full fledged, first class. Did these two Superintendents start their work in the profession first class? From my knowledge of the average hearing beginner he is a very inferior teacher for many years, and often remains so.

Now, how can we expect deaf men and women to become first class teachers until they are given an opportunity to 'make good'? The Normal fellows and Normal students, from Washington, and a lot of other so-called 'Orally Trained' young women, from Heaven knows where, many of them of inferior education, are readily offered positions and allowed to practice and experiment at the expense of deaf children—often doing incalculable harm in the process. Fair play would suggest that deaf applicants for positions be given an equal opportunity to show results—just a fair trial. Do they get it? No, some Superintendents will not give their own graduates, with a college degree thrown in, any opportunity whatever. You know this is so. Whatever the excuse they gave, it is simply a repetition of the 'old gag' of the FRIEND who will do anything for the deaf except employ them as teachers.

Some day the N. A. D. will have to wake up to another fact, viz., that the educated deaf are being discriminated against by the very people who proudly profess to be their friends. It will have to tackle the subject without fear or favor. At present the deaf have no voice in a matter which, if any people, they are thoroughly familiar—the education of the deaf. How long will it continue, I wonder?"

Yours,



[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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THE season which includes both Thanksgiving and Christmas is indeed a blessed one.

Frills THE astonishing conclusion has been reached by the educational wiseacres in one of our Jersey towns that the gymnasium and the assembly-room are "frills." The next thing we know some congress of physicians will decide that our heads and hands, like our *corpora vermiformis* are unnecessary appendages.

In Capable Hands THE Maryland school has not remained long without a head, Mr. Charles R. Ely having already been called to the direction of its affairs. The deaf press, with one voice, commend the appointment, and express every assurance of the future welfare of the school. We have not had the pleasure of meeting young Mr. Ely, but he is the son of the former incumbent, and that is sufficient.

In Loving Memory THE Galladuet Monument at Hartford will not be out of repair very long. The memory of the deaf of our land is too good and their gratitude too great to permit of such a thing for any length of time. Already the pennies are pouring in, and while the 10th of December might be rather an early date to hope for the finishing of the needed repairs, it will not be long after the natal day of the lovable Gallaudet that his monument shall have been restored to all its pristine beauty.

Not Inmates A RECENT visitor at one of the southern schools said, in speaking of it, that the inmates were contented. We are most glad to note that they are contented. The wise provision that is made for them and the splendid people around them are enough to make them

not only contented but very happy; why, however will people never cease to call them "inmates." They are not "inmates," never were, and never will be. Inmates are something quite different; so won't people please stop using the most objectionable word.

Transition AFTER an experience extending over a number of years the committee in charge of the Chicago day schools has decided that the residential school has every advantage, and has made up its mind to erect dormitories for the children who have been attending them. The conclusion is a most wise one and we may now hope for infinitely better things of these schools. First of all the daily danger of traversing the streets of that great city in going to and returning from their studies, will be done away with, and the necessity for a special care-taker and for daily expense in coming and going avoided. The collection of a large number in one school will permit of an infinitely better classification than was possible with a dozen of all grades in one class. The lax attendance which is inevitable in the case of day schools for the deaf will be corrected in a large measure. The petulance and willfulness engendered by indulgence at home will be dissipated by judicial and judicious control. The evil influences of the streets and that exist in some of the homes will be counteracted and an opportunity will be afforded to learn a trade, without which the deaf boy, even if ever so well educated, is of little value to itself or any one else. Then, too, the Chicago school doubtless will have its own moving-picture machine, its projectoscope, its library adapted to the needs of the deaf, its weekly lectures, its literary society and all those things, little and big, that go to make up a good school for the deaf. The Chicago schools are on the right track, and we may now look forward, in view of the great wealth and great educational interest that exists in the Lake City, to a school second to none in the world.

A Surgeon's Saw UNDER the head of "A Surgeon's Saw lets Boy, Mute from Birth, talk," we are told in one of the New York dailies of another wonderful cure of deafness, affected in one of the hospitals in the northern part of our state. A depression of the skull was diagnosed to be the cause of the deafness and consequent inability to speak, and the operation appears to have been one of simple trepanning. The extraordinary feature of the case is that "while patients are usually two or three months in reaching vocal expression, here was a lad trying to chatter, and making fair headway at it in less than forty-eight hours." The account says: About 3 o'clock in the morning after the operation, having remained dumb, but having taken all the nourishment offered him, with the appetite of a colt, the boy startled the night nurse in his ward by exclaiming: "I hear a car."

"You're a funny little man to make such a speech as that," said the astonished nurse, "but you must remember you're sick and ought to keep quiet. So please go to sleep again."

"Won't you give me a drink of water?" the youngster asked. The nurse complied, and that was the last heard of Terence until daylight.

After breakfast he asked to be lifted into a chair and rolled to a window from which he could look out on the street. Sparrows were twittering from a tree in the yard.

"Oh, see the birds!" he murmured, as if envying their outdoor freedom. He pronounced the words bur-rds. Then he watched delivery wagons passing, and whenever a driver at that point urged his horse to increased speed the boy echoed the driver's command with a commanding "Gid-e-yap!"

While he was thus enjoying himself with his new-found phrases the boy was asked to turn and shake hands with Dr. William L. Chapman as the man who made him talk. He grew shy as Dr. Chapman touched him, but soon, turning to the window, he started again in phrase-making. Dr. Chapman had kept mute, but as the boy broke into prattle the surgeon broke into tears.

"Something must be getting on my nerves," he said, as if to excuse his weakness, "but I had not dared to hope for this so soon. I had expected him to begin to learn to speak in about three months. This boy seems to have been touched by magic."

We do not marvel that the doctor thought that something was getting on his nerves.

A New Face We add, this year, Miss Yvonne Pitrois, of Tours, France, to our list of correspondents.

Miss Pitrois needs no introduction, having, for a long time, been prominent in the world of the deaf. She will, as it were "cover the old world," and keep us in touch with the people and affairs on the other side. That she will add interest to our little sheet goes without saying, and that we shall all be wiser and better for our acquaintance with her and her writings may be safely guessed.

It is saying a good deal of a paper published by the "printer boys" in a school for the deaf to say that it is "the only real illustrated magazine for the deaf in America, and unexcelled by any other in the world," and yet this is what the *Ohio Chronicle* says of our SILENT WORKER.

THE residential school is now conceded by all to be the school *par excellence* for the deaf.

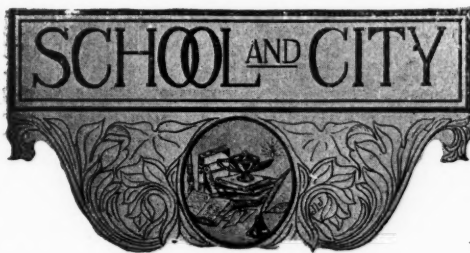
MY CROSS

BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed—
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!



Perfect days.

The thanksgiving season.

We've much to be thankful for.

Our dinner on the 28th was fine.

Sadie Daily dined with us on Thursday.

But two weeks until our Christmas holiday.

Vito Dondiego has a little brother here now.

Our second basket-ball team is fast coming to the front.

The "Raindrops" is a great favorite among the children.

Everybody thinks our new basket-ball uniforms are very pretty.

Our Christmas entertainment promises to be a very fine one.

Express packages for the children were numerous on Thursday.

We had quite a party of mammas and papas at dinner on the 28th.

Since returning home, Frank Penrose has learned to drive a motorcycle.

Miss Vail spent Monday at the Teachers' College, New York, "observing."

Frank Hoppaugh visited his sister at the Normal School on Wednesday evening.

Some forty boxes were received by the boys and girls on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Porter took a group picture of the children on Thursday and one of the teachers.

The story of the cure of the little Prince Don, on Sunday morning, was most interesting.

We already have quite a nice little fund for prizes at the closing exercises, next June.

Nearly every one of our boys is now able to swim, thanks to the Wilbur Y. M. C. A.

Johnny MacNee says that he prays every night for his papa and mamma. Nice of Johnny.

"Popular Mechanics" and the "Technical World" have found great favor among our boys, of late.

The little ones are learning a myraid of new words from the construction of the new building.

Louis Henemier, Mildred's brother, and a former pupil of our school, was married on Thursday.

Six more children have been promised places in January. We scarce know where to squeeze them in.

The penmanship of George Brede has made a great change for the better, during the past month.

We had a series of heavy thunder-showers on Sunday. Great weather for the 24th of November.

James Thompson has the prettiest little baby brother you ever saw. His mother had it here on Thursday.

Our older pupils are becoming great readers, and large numbers of books are taken, each week, from the Library.

Mr. Porter and his boys have finished printing our Christmas notices and parents will receive them in a day or two.

Alfred Baimlin has his eye on a shoe-factory in Newark where he expects to get work when he is done going to school.

Our new building has been making slow progress during the past week, owing to the failure of the iron floor-rods to arrive.

George Bedford thinks that old Santa Claus must be a very busy man these days, and says he would like to see his workshop.

Ernest Lesks sat around the infirmary, with a triling cold, for a couple of days, early in the month. He says it is lonesome over there.

Hartley Davis says that Frank Baker of the Athletics is a star player because he never smokes or drinks. There's much in it Hartley.

The dinners prepared by Mrs. Klein and Mrs. Stetbacher on Thanksgiving Day were fit for kings and everybody enjoyed them to the full.

Harriet Alexander's new coat is a very pretty one, and she has the satisfaction of knowing that she earned herself a part of the money that paid for it.

George Bedford is taking an especial interest in the concrete work, and says he is going to build himself a little concrete bungalow one of these days.

Thomas Crowell is now working as a helper to his father on a new building up town, and is doing well. Thomas has no time for street corners and cigarettes.

Mrs. Matlack has presented the school with three fine volumes of illustrated travel which the children already have discovered and are enjoying greatly.

Mr. Sharp's room is becoming quite an intellectual centre. You will find parties of the boys there almost nightly engaged in readings and discussions.

The boys in the wood-working department are making a bed for our fine new camera. The camera, by the way, is the finest one in Trenton, and one of the finest made.

The problem confronting us just at present is how to get five hours daily in the academic department and a reasonable length of time in the industrial department.

Charles Dobbins and Andrew Dziak ran up to Princeton on their wheels to attend the Princeton-Yale game, Saturday a week. It was a pretty long run, but they said they were well repaid.

The Thanksgiving entertainment, consisting of games and plays during the day, and a reception and exhibition of moving pictures in the evening, was as enjoyable as any we have ever had.

The ravages of Jack Frost are everywhere apparent. He has robbed our trees of every leaf and turned our grass sere and brown, and these mornings we see his footprints everywhere.

John Garland says he is going to do all in his power to make the school the best in the world. If every other boy and girl here will turn in with him, it will not take long to bring about this greatly-to-be-desired end.

Owning our own moving-picture machine gives us the advantage of selecting our own pictures and always having them interesting and unobjectionable. We have been averaging an exhibition every two weeks.

Carmine Pace, George Oberbeck, Henry Hester, and Clarence Spencer were welcome visitors on Saturday. After a good look at their old Alma Mater they left for Princeton, where they witnessed the Princeton-Yale game.

Our basket-ball team has gone into the city league, which is composed of very strong and fast teams. Their first game was played Saturday evening with the Y. M. C. A.'s and they held their own well, loosing but by a very narrow margin.

Oreste Palmieri received a postal card from Naples, Italy, the fore part of last week. It had on it a picture of the Palais Royal, which Oreste remembered having seen when a boy. When Oreste gets rich perhaps he will go back to Italy to live.

One of our boys was ill-advised enough, the other day, to carve his name on the large pillar of the back porch. The Advisory Committee took the matter up and decided that he should indulge his penchant to the full during the next month in cutting all the kindling for both kitchens.

The officer at the Pennsylvania railroad station sent for Mr. Markley on Wednesday to come to the station and get a boy who was coming to our school. Mr. Markley got him, brought him in and took him to the dining-room to get supper. As soon as Mr. Markley's back was turned the boy disappeared and he has not been heard of since.

Despite the fact that it has always been our rule to have a full holiday at Christmas and that no child shall go home at Thanksgiving or Easter, would you believe it, a mamma was unreasonable enough to insist that her child have a holiday on the 28th. We desire, again, to announce that it will be absolutely impossible for us to allow children to go home at these times.

Every seat in the little chapel of Trinity Church was occupied when Rev. C. O. Dantzer opened his regular monthly service for the deaf, Sunday evening, the 29th ult. The appearance of Archdeacon Shepherd, who addressed the silent worshippers at the conclusion of the service, and the Misses Hartman and Ramshaw who rendered in signs the hymn, "The Lord is My Shepherd" was doubtless an additional attraction.

HONOR ROLL

Marion Bausman
Edmund Bayer
Louisa Beck
Everett Dunn
Ada Ernest
William Felts
Mildred Henemier
Mildred Ludlow
Frank Madsen

Cathryn Melone
Antonio Petoio
Margaret Renton
Ruth Ramshaw
Annie Savko
Dawes Sutton
Goldie Sheppard
Catherine Tierney
Elton Williams



By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day."
—Old Carol.



HE *Little Messenger*, a monthly paper published by the British-American Young Women's Christian Association of Paris, came to my notice the other day. Its pages are full of the world-wide helpfulness of the Association which teaches us to

"Think truly and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

This branch of the Association in Paris has several Americans on its list of officers and among them is Miss Grace Zorbaugh, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Zorbaugh, the deaf "Darby and Joan" of Council Bluffs. She is Acting General Secretary of the Secretaries of the City Department of the branch and her name is mentioned frequently in the monthly program as one of the leaders in the prayer meetings. A neat B. A. from a Western college is attached to Miss Grace and she has had years of experience as a teacher of both the deaf and hearing. She can manipulate signs with all the ease of a real deaf-mute and, in time, she might widen her sphere of usefulness by getting acquainted with the deaf in Paris, which would be as easy as signs are the one true *Volapuk* of the whole world.

◆ ◆ ◆
In Santa Monica, California,

"As God made it in the gladness of his Dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er
it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden
fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Hearts'
Desire,"

there is a young dreamer of dreams, Howard L. Terry, who has captured one of his dreams and pressed it between the covers of a book and called it "The Dream." "The Dream" is a drama in two acts, all given in exquisite verse by graceful *dramatis personae* during the short time of a summer night "in the realm of bliss," which is reached by a moonbeam bright. This drama in verse is woven around "two love-sick mortals" with the inevitable rival and another woman with Satan (that monstrous mischief maker)

"Whose pleasure is mixing
In other men's fixing,
And turning delight into gloom."

Fairies and spirits of the air combine with Cupid "in the realm of bliss" to reveal life and

"What a maelstrom of distress
Is the world's unhappiness."

Then with "The Dream," all of life revealing, there is taught the lesson all mortals must learn that

"In mortal strength alone shall man advance
In faith and simple life is man's content."

The book is beautifully printed on heavy white paper and bound between covers of thick paper in a cloud symphony of shaded russet with the title "The Dream" and the author's name, Howard L. Terry, in artistic gold lettering. It is printed by

Norman V. Lewis, of the Philocopeus Press in Los Angeles, California.

◆ ◆ ◆
Across the sea in far-off Melbourne, Australia, there is a society of the deaf called "The Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria." The Society has a little paper of its own under the management of Mr. John E. Muir. It is called "Our Monthly Letter" and is apparently printed from the original handwriting of the editor from stencils with a multiplying machine similar to our mimeograph or duplex printer. This gives it the form of a voluminous letter in eight pages of 8 by 10 paper and has a sort of personal air in its contents that fascinate the interest. It has recently celebrated its ninth birthday most happily and the manager, Mr. Muir, is to be congratulated on the successful bringing up of the little one.

◆ ◆ ◆
The Mid-West Branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association always has a Gallaudet program in December to do honor to the memory of the father of deaf-mute education in this country—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. For the past ten years the December program has been a feature of the branch



MISS SARAH BELL STRUBY
First lady president of the G. C. A. A.
Mid west Branch

and all the members have learned everything possible about the grand old man with heartfelt gratitude.

The president, Miss Sarah Bell Streby, who is the first lady president that the Branch ever had, as the men had always monopolized the honor, decided to have a little change of merely spending "an evening at Gallaudet" this time.

The following program, daintily printed, will be carried out on the Omaha side of the "Big Muddy:"

◆ ◆ ◆ AN EVENING AT GALLAUDET

"At Dear Old Gallaudet"...Mr. H. G. Long, ex'05.
The Innocent "Ducks"...Mr. Robert Mullin, ex'14.
The Ambiguous Freshies...Mr. Perry Seeley, ex'08.
The Foppy Sophs.....Mrs. Harry G. Long, '06.
The Lordly Juniors.....Mrs. J. W. Sowell, '01.
Those Dignified Seniors...Mr. W. H. Rothert, '98.
Impressions of A Normal, Mr. F. Michaelson, N.'08.
(Speakers are limited to ten minutes each.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Since the fall opening of the Iowa school there have been several social affairs of the teachers, officers and pupils who realize that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

The latest and most important function was the wedding anniversary of the good Superintendent and his wife, of which the city paper, *The Nonpareil*, gives the following account:

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

An especially delightful affair was the informal reception and banquet at the school for the deaf Tuesday evening, planned by the teachers in honor of the wedding anniversary of Superintendent and Mrs. W. H. Rothert. Quantities of flowers and handsome gifts were received by Mr. and Mrs. Rothert with a host of congratulations from many friends. In the evening a banquet was served in the chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. An informal program of toasts was given.

◆ ◆ ◆
The universal usefulness of the finger alphabet (both double and single) is constantly demonstrated in the most unexpected ways. It is shown, in reading the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, that wonderful Scotchman and writer of classic literature, who died in the far off Island of Samoa. When Stevenson was weak from his frequent attacks of hemorrhage, the doctor forbade speech. Then the resourceful author would dictate on his fingers in the deaf-mute alphabet to his step-daughter who acted as his stenographer and in that way pages upon pages of his writings were accomplished.

◆ ◆ ◆
In Omaha, Nebraska, there is a trio of handsome little boys who are the pride of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert. They are Waldo, the eldest, aged eight years; Harlow, the second, aged four years, and Maurice, the youngest, aged seven months. All three are happy, healthy boys with all their normal faculties and behave themselves in the real boyish way of all boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Rothert are both Gallaudetites and first met in the halls of old Gallaudet, where so many matches have been made since co-education days commenced there. Mr. Rothert belongs to the class of '98, Gallaudet, and was educated in the Iowa School and is a son of Superintendent Rothert



MRS. WALDO H. ROTHERT AND CHILDREN

of that school. He became deaf at the age of four years as the result of malpractice of the family physician, during a slight illness with fever.

Mrs. Rothert belonged to the class of '00 for a year and a half, being called home by the death of her mother, and then did not return to college. She was Miss Florence Phelps, the charming daughter of Col. W. H. Phelps, of Carthage, Mo., who is a well known attorney of that state. She was educated in the St. Louis Day School.

Wisconsin's Industrial Exhibit a Big Success

The industrial exhibit made by the deaf of Wisconsin at the state fair in Milwaukee, Sept. 10-14, under the auspices of the Wisconsin Association of the Deaf, was better than expected, considering the limited time and expense that was devoted to its advertisement.

It was held in the Rural School building which was granted the association free of charge by the Fair management. One of the Milwaukee dailies referred to it as "one of the novel and unique sections" of the fair, it being the first undertaking of its kind in the state. The object was to enlighten the great hearing public with regard to the abilities of the deaf along various lines. There was no competition for premiums.

In some quarters a mistaken notion seems to have obtained that it was an exhibit by school children. It was nothing of the kind. Neither the State School for the Deaf at Delavan nor the day schools or their pupils had anything to do with it. It was simply by the deaf men and women of the state.

Certain circumstances tendered to reduce the size of the exhibit but by no means its quality. Every article put on display was a credit to the exhibitor, and the only regret is that there were not more of them. Whatever has hindered this first attempt from coming up to expectations will be taken up in due time and carefully considered by the president of the association and the committee in charge of the affair, and full information and advice furnished future exhibitors and all other interested parties.

The following is a list of exhibits and by whom made:

Stencil holder, invention—James A. Dudley, Delavan.

Ten cartoons and lettering—James Kearns, sign painter, Milwaukee.

Eleven photos of his Majestic studio—William Fitzgerald, LaCrosse.

One centerpiece—Mrs. Robert Goldaspi, Cheboygan.

One tidy—Helen Luebke, Two Rivers.

One pin cushion and sofa pillow—Lillie Dumke, Neevah.

Photos of interior and exterior of his shoe store—Wm. J. O'Neil, La Crosse.

Ten different samples of sewing and embroidery—Alvina Gransee, Oconomowoc.

Basket and fine embroidery work—Mrs. Charles Spletstoesser, Milwaukee.

Baby bonnet and centerpiece—Anna Gersdorf, Literary work—Warren Robinson, Delavan.

Patent stone truck—Henry Zarling, Sheboygan.

Pillow slips and one spread—Eva Hallida (blind and deaf), Milwaukee.

Two centerpieces, sheets and pillow cases—Bridget Dieveney, Delavan.

One button, towel and pillow case—Ruth Rockwood, Delavan.

One centerpiece—Flora Toombs, Milwaukee.

One sofa cushion—Mrs. H. G. Knoblock, Milwaukee.

A large number of samples of canning and baking—Mrs. Ed. Falk, Wausau.

Paper dress—Mary Fossan, Delavan.

Scarf—Carrie Gersdorf, Delavan.

Two photos of his tailor shop—Frank McGuire, LaCrosse.

The Bradley Knitting company of Delavan presented the following testimonial concerning its deaf employees which was framed and hung up in a conspicuous place:

Warren Robinson, Chairman Committee Industrial Exhibit of the Deaf, City.

DEAR SIR:—We should like very much to make a display of the different articles made by the deaf, but the nature of our product is such that we cannot well do it. We feel, however, that the deaf

have been very efficient help for us, and we are always glad to give them work when it is possible.

Yours very truly,

BRADLEY KNITTING CO.

W. B. TYRELL, Vice-President.

It should be mentioned that Otto Schult of Oshkosh was prevented by illness from sending an exhibit of his work in printing and that Mrs. Charles Reed of Menasha forwarded a sample of her literary work as an author which never reached its destination.

In conclusion it is only fair to say that those who helped to make so good a beginning in this difficult matter are entitled not only to the thanks of the committee but of the deaf of the whole state.—*Delavan Republican*.



Rev. James H. Cloud, Mrs. H. McP. Hofsteater and her child in front of Mr. Cloud's Home in St. Louis. This house was designed by Olof Hanson, the Deaf architect.



Rev. J. H. Cloud and H. McP. Hofsteater's boy in front of Christ Church, St. Louis.

The stream does not rise higher than its source, and with us government is not a remote something far away, but just what we, in our individual precincts, will that it shall be.—*Ellis Meredith*.

Covetousness bursts the sack and spills the grain.—*Kenilworth*.

Birthday Party in Plainfield

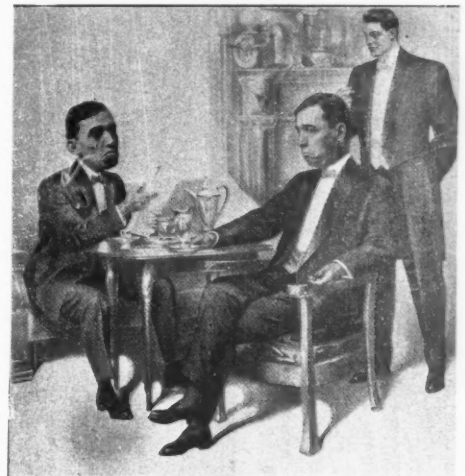
On Sunday, Nov. 24th, a gay party gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stengele, 622 E. 7th St., Plainfield, N. J., in honor of their daughter Dorothy's fifteenth birthday. Friends of the family came from Plainfield, Newark and Brooklyn to participate in the merry-making. Prof. A. G. Carpenter of Plainfield furnished the music and many were the beautiful selections rendered by him.

The young people joined in numerous games and their merry voices could be heard all over the house.

The refreshments were served at six p.m. The table was beautifully decorated with roses, chrysanthemums and carnations. The menu was most elaborate.

Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. H. Stengele and daughter Dorothy, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stengele, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chenudlin, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Carpenter, Mrs. J. Patterson and two sons, Mr. J. Schloss, Mr. George Gildersleeve, Mr. George King, Mr. Wm. Cooper, Miss Mildred Poole, Miss Helen Bower and Miss Caroline Hennessey.

After a delightful afternoon and evening the guests departed with pleasant memories of a delightful time on the 15th anniversary of the birthday of Dorothy Stengele.



The above picture shows Mr. Boxley's crestfallen face over the defeat of Taft.

New York

"Little Women" is approaching the end of its second month at William A. Brady's Playhouse, where the managerial invitation to the public to secure its seats three months ahead indicates the certainty of a prolonged engagement. There will be four matinees during the coming week, on Wednesday, Thanksgiving Day, Friday and Saturday. The extra Friday performance is given to satisfy the demands of large numbers of people unable to secure admission to any of the other representations. Mr. Brady regards "Little Women" as the greatest piece of theatrical property he ever has controlled, and believes it will be as permanent in public favor as any American play ever written. This calculation is based not alone upon the success of the stage version itself, but upon the fact that the annual sales of Louisa Alcott's novel still run from 30,000 to 50,000 copies, thus providing a new crop of enthusiasts every year. In all, more than 2,000,000 copies of "Little Women" have been sold in the United States during the forty-three years of its life. Conservative publishers estimate that at least five persons read every volume of fiction that is purchased, so that when Mr. Brady speaks of this novel as having had 10,000,000 readers he probably is well within the actual facts.



By Jay Cooke Howard, Duluth, Minn.



Of course you have heard of the fellow who has said that while such and such a thing might happen to some one else it surely could not happen to him. Of course it might happen elsewhere but not in his bailiwick. In the pursuit of the exclusive Impostor we have urged everyone everywhere to be on the jump—to educate the public before the advent of these fakers so they would be sure to catch them when they did come. It has been a peculiarity of persons living in towns having schools for the deaf to feel so cock sure these impostors would not dare come to their sacred little municipalities that they have felt justified and quite sanctified to sit around twirling their thumbs.

Now comes the news from Flint, Michigan, by way of *The Mirror*, that one of these impostors had helped himself to Supt. Clark's stationery and forged Mr. Clark's name to a certificate of character—and got away with it.

In the same mail came *The Washingtonian* with an account of two impostors who invaded Vancouver and were nabbed by the hustling Jimmy Meagher—the first State Chief to be appointed. Jimmy is making Washington state a hot place for this fraternity—bully for Jimmy.

The moral of all that is "Get Busy." "Go hump yourself." There is not a single section of the country free from these people, and if you are going to do your part just start in and do it now. Preach the gospel of the independence and the pride of the deaf. Warn the public through the press of this Guild of Grafters. Be persistent—keep at it—do not give up—never say die—do it again. Yes, this means YOU, dear "gentle reader." You may not be much good "but every little counts," as the rain drop remarked as it fell into the ocean. If we could get a move into every deaf person in the country for just about six months, the "deaf-impostor" would be an extinct as the family of apodal cirripeds, called the proteolepadidae or as the cichthyopterygia, known in the common speech as the ichthyosaurus.

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Some of our friends are talking about postponing the meeting of the N. A. D. How lovely, after Cleveland and all Ohio has jumped in with both feet to make that convention a success. And what do they take us poor work-a-day people for? Many of the deaf are so wrapped up in the idea that the earth and the stars and the sun revolve around the schools for the deaf that they seem to imagine that all the world takes three months vacation in "the good old summer-time." They seem to think that it would be fine, say to leave Kalamazoo, Michigan, or Oskaloosia, Wisconsin, and go to Cleveland and take in the N. A. D. Convention, then take a little jaunt down to Washington and help celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the college. From there go to Staunton, Virginia, and teach the teachers how to teach the young idea how to shoot. That would be a nice little jaunt but just figure the time it would take. Each of these conventions is good for a solid week and it will take some time to travel. Call it a month all told. How many of us can spare so much time? Another little consideration is the matter of dollars and cents. Most of us are dead broke after one convention. How many could stand three and get home with their best suits out of pawn. Then again—some fellows I know after one convention

use up the available supply of hot water foot-baths and cracked ice packs for the head. It's ghastly to speculate how they would feel after three conventions in a row. Nein, nein, Pauline—one first in 1913 and two chasers in 1914. Let the program stand!

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Speaking of the dispute as to methods of instruction, wouldn't it be well for the deaf who object to the pure oral system to state exactly the reasons why they think it undesirable, and to bring forward the evidence which has led them to that conclusion.

—The Messenger.

And just to think, that at the convention of the N. A. D. at Colorado Springs practically the whole of the business sessions were used to elucidate this question. Everything else was crowded off the boards while suave Dr. Fox expounded on one phase of the question, while serious Mr. Hanson treated it from another standpoint and the canny Scotchman, McGregor, introduced his famous flea. Was all this earnest thought, this eloquence, this humor lost? Did the rarified air of Colorado waft it to such exalted altitudes it was lost to posterity? Or was the thunder of our "big guns" dissipated in the annalistic mind of our philosophical Mr. Jenkins, or weighed in the balance and found wanting? Mr. Jenkins is fair. He admits that the deaf love oralism with the same affection that children la.ish upon castor oil. He thinks they will have to take it any way and is seeking a method of administering the dose that will be acceptable to them.

The deaf do not object to oral instruction. In fact, they rather envy those of their number who can speak well and read the lips. What they do object to is the restriction—tending toward the abolition of the sign-language. Say what you will, the deaf are more at home, and all things being equal have better times among themselves than they do with hearing people. Your "S. P." Oralist is neither fish nor fowl and knows it and feels it. That is why you do not find seventy-five or a hundred orally taught deaf people at your teachers' conventions ranting and roaring and jabbering and ready to fight at the drop of the hat for the "S. P." oral method. At the Delevan Convention the deaf were out in force ready to fight for the Combined Method. If some of those resolutions prepared by misguided individuals had come before the convention, it is likely there would have been some fireworks. The castor oil might have been spilled.

If the "S. P." oral method is so excellent for the deaf, why do not those deaf persons who have been instructed under this method realize the fact and in the largeness of their love for their fellow men—that love that made Ben Aadhem's name "lead all the rest," and not because the names were alphabetically arranged—get upon the house tops and proclaim their blessings and pray that such blessings may fall on others. It would seem that either their moral growth were stunted before it learned the lesson of universal love and uplift or their mental qualifications disqualify them from expressing that noble sentiment—or again—they, who have suffered, know the fallacy of the method and join the chorus that Mr. Jenkins mentions, further on in the same editorial, in protest against a method with such limitations and restrictions.

This same editorial makes the assertion that many of the best educated of deaf persons were educated by the oral method.

In an early number will *The Messenger* please give a list of some of those the writer had in mind when he made this statement. This is not a challenge. It is an earnest search after information.

We have travelled up and down this land of ours and have sought, earnestly and diligently for these phenomena. We are much excited over the near success of our quest. Possibly we can stick our left hand thumb through our suspender, pat Mr. Robert McGregor on the back and say: "There, Bob, is your flea. At last have we got our finger on it and it is not somewhere else."

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The Buff and Blue is out at last after an unusually

protracted period of incubation. The Editor in Chief assures us that the Faculty is a thing over which the Editorial Board has no control but hopes that it will see fit to mend its ways and that the new conditions inaugurated as to recitation hours "do not obtain long." In our days it was usually the Faculty that was hoping for a change. The piece de resistance is Dr. Hotchkiss posing as a matrimonial agency shark. We would urge that, should any of our readers have affairs of the heart that were not progressing as smoothly as they wished, they take the matter up with the genial Doctor. His record and success are unique.

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With Messrs. Blattner and Sheridan waving the Dakota Banner that little paper will bear watching. We note with interest the sketches that are appearing therein that show the peculiar artistic ability of Tom. When Tom was a school boy he used to draw the mugs of members of the legislature on the black board in the chapel during their annual inspection of the school while the writer was down stairs hooking pies from the pantry. Those pies were destined for the consumption of our law makers, but like many other things they missed their destiny. Mr. Blattner was editor of the *Star* when this same writer was college correspondent to *The Companion* and we recall that he took much interest in offering suggestions for the betterment of College Correspondence in general and ours in particular. It is possible that his suggestions were the means of adding spice to the college letters of W. W. Beadell of *The Journal*, J. M. Stewart of *The Mirror* and other old time pen pushers of that period.

Rev. J. H. Cloud in Los Angeles

Through the efforts of a few deaf living in the vicinity of Los Angeles who are interested in the general advancement of the deaf, the local deaf in particular, Rev. J. H. Cloud was enabled to spend a few weeks last summer in California.

Rev. Mr. Cloud's visit was the first appearance in many years of a deaf clergyman, hence a great deal of interest was manifested, and despite the fact that under such circumstances there always lies difference of opinion and religious sentiment, the deaf of Los Angeles are to be highly complimented on their generous and spontaneous good will and welcome. Several very interesting and instructive lectures were given under the auspices of the Amopolo Club, services were held in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral each Sunday during his stay, and these were well attended. Mr. Cloud was kept busy every day he was here renewing old friendships and making new friends; several receptions were given in his honor, and the Frats came out strong in their appreciation.

Los Angeles is one of the very best places for the deaf to live and find enjoyment, there is a very good community of deaf already who know how to make life pleasant for themselves and for visiting deaf, but there is a lack of proper organization that must be looked into, and the coming of an ordained clergyman, backed by his Church, should be given hearty encouragement.

HOWARD L. TERRY.

Unsolicited

By the way *The Pelican* would advise every one of its deaf readers (and hearing ones, too, if they wish to keep in touch with the "silent world") to subscribe to the SILENT WORKER, the illustrated monthly magazine—a magazine it is—in order to read about and see the many illustrations concerning the deaf the world over. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year, which can be sent to "THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J." This is no paid advertisement but our candid opinion as to the worth of the magazine to the deaf.—*The Pelican, Banton Rouge, La.*

MAC'S MUSINGS



By J. H. MacFarlane, Talladega, Ala.



FACT THAT HAS BEEN STAR-ING US IN THE FACE all these years of dissensions over the sign-language as a means of communication was recently noted by Dr. Smith in the *Minnesota Companion*. In substance it is that the many so-called "mutisms" that mar the written language of the deaf do not of themselves constitute an argument against the sign-language any more than the broken English of a foreigner proves that his native tongue must be inferior to "United States." To rail at the sign-language because it does not conform strictly with English grammar is indeed a mark of an educated mind. For when it comes to the subject of languages the laugh is on us all. The novice in the use of signs who attempts to deliver an address in the silent language makes just as ludicrous a bungle as does the manual pupil who tries to write English straight. But be it said to the credit of the deaf that when one of their hearing brethren utters things in unintelligible signs his silent listeners usually have the good grace not to laugh.

As a teacher of the deaf, I have from time to time jotted down some of the recurring verbal onslaughts on the king's English by pupils classed as "mute," and I herewith give samples of—well, I'll not tell where I got them till you have read them, but instead I challenge any "pure-oralist" in the United States or Canada to tell me just by glancing over them whether the following ungrammatical expressions were written by deaf pupils or not:

"I love peach blossom so much."

"I was so hypocrite."

"I joined to the funeral procession."

"I obeyed his demand."

"I have some sad story."

"The poetries are"

"I would be exactly same with you."

Sounds like off-hand talk by some of the deaf, doesn't it? Well, you'll find every one of the above slips in the use of the "Mother Tongue" in an article by the Japanese Yeshie Markine, in *McClures Magazine* for September, 1911. We need only remark further that if any of the oralists who have read the above-named article are opposing the sign-language because of similar expressions, they ought, for the sake of consistency, to take steps toward the suppression of the language of the Japanese.

That the sign-language would become obsolete in ten years, was the bold prediction one of our oralist friends, made about two years ago, if the newspaper reported him correctly. Now, I do not claim to be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but the signs of the times, as I see them, are that signs are coming more and more into favor as a means of communication. What about the head of the Boy Scout movement in the United States adopting Prof. Long's dictionary of signs as a manual? But, to come nearer home, I wish to state that not only have I so many requests for alphabet cards from hearing folks who desire to learn how to talk on their fingers, but also that some of these enthusiasts lately carried off my book of signs. What will seem more shocking yet to the ultra-oralists—a preacher in one of the largest churches in the city of Minneapolis, last summer, invited me to make the opening prayer at his evening service in SIGNS! Although not inclined to accept such a request, I finally yielded and was told afterwards that it did much good. It has become a common

thing for me to repeat, or have repeated, at church services for the hearing, the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language. Thus rendered, if the signs are made in the right spirit, this sublime expression of the soul is wonderfully impressive, and none but eyes blinded by prejudice can fail to see the beauty of it.

The conclusion is that, if by the wildest sort of supposition, the sign-language is ever legislated out of commission it will not be the sane public but a lot of insane bigots who will be responsible for the act.



ONE OF THE MARKS OF A GREAT MAN is that he is always willing to learn. About a year ago I called attention to an article in the *Century* magazine by Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, in which he referred to Christian Endeavor societies in "asylums for the deaf and dumb." I wrote the author, pointing out that his designation of our schools was obsolete; that it was being done away with by legislative enactment as an objectionable misnomer. Following is the reply, which I recently received from Dr. Clark:

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR MR. MCFARLANE:—I thank you for your letter of September 3rd, which I find on my desk as I return to my office; and I also thank you for your correction of my use of the term "asylums for the deaf and dumb." I shall bear it in mind whenever I have further occasion to refer to these institutions.

Faithfully yours,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Fraternity and its Mission



FRATERNITY is an association, its mission being to meet and honor brothers who are linked with us in the common brotherhood of the order. The fraternity must be appreciated and honored by every lover of humanity who understands the principles and work of the lodge. As long as the world has suffering and sorrow the fraternity has a mission to perform and relieve them. Its mission is not strictly confined to the members of the fraternity, but it goes out to many others to see if sympathy and help are needed. It encourages the improvement of the spirit and mind that may be made useful to society. It also cultivates the heart. It has been said "knowledge is power." It is true that knowledge must be obtained by cultivating and giving power to the intellect. But the power of intellect thus cultivated depends on the condition of the heart. If the heart is not right the power of increased knowledge will not do the society much good and it will be used for selfish purposes which are often contrary to harmony and peace among men. Knowledge and heart balance each other. If the heart is good and not for selfish motives the power of knowledge will exert influence and action which will be of much benefit, not only to its possessor, but to all who come in contact and association. The cultivation of the mind and of the heart are practically necessary. It teaches us to love our fellowmen and to perform such duties as the condition of the heart requires. Such love performs peace and harmony and leads to the comfort and happiness of others. I refer to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. During the Convention held at Columbus, July 1 to 6, the delegates and visiting members went *en masse* to the picnic at the Ohio Home for the Aged Deaf on the 4th and its receipts for the benefits of the Home were the largest of any previous picnic yet held. It was a record breaker. It shows that the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is built on charity and does not slight the well-being or comfort of the aged. On the other hand, when I lived in Dayton I was a member of the Dayton Division No. 8, the board of managers of the Home having added a farm to the home which was mortgaged. It desired to get rid of its indebtedness on the farm and sent subscription papers to the deaf

of Ohio asking for money. Some members of the Dayton Division and their wives solicited subscriptions among their hearing friends and brothers and sent them to the board. It was about four years ago. Then the mortgage on the farm was cancelled. The spirit of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is indeed active in animating the heart and governing the life of every good Frat. The N. F. S. D. teaches us reverence for and obedience to God as our Creator and Father. It recognizes the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man, for "God hath made of one blood of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." Its mission is to lead the ignorant in the right path and enlighten them.

It is true that the N. F. S. D. has been attacked on and misrepresented and its actions have been exposed to the ridicule of the public and its doom has been predicted. But it stands like a majestic mountain around which fierce storms howl and over its head thunders roar and lightnings dart their tongues of flames from the clouds against it. But it will remain firm and will lift its head high up towards the sky when the storms cease, and opposition and prejudice will be overcome and even its enemies who have once frowned on it will be converted into friends and members.

Some argue that with the establishment of a division of the N. F. S. D. in the State of Ohio the Home for the Aged will be hurt to some extent and less money will be given. Why, there are many deaf persons who carry life insurance policies and who are members of the Independence Order of Foresters and of the American Insurance Union. Why are they against the N. F. S. D.? I think it is a poor excuse. The N. F. S. D. is as good as any fraternity. That will disprove this argument. The Frats have sent more contributions to the Home than before the establishment of the divisions of the N. F. S. D. in Ohio, for they believe in practical benevolences which the fraternity teaches them. The officers of the National Fraternal Congress, having recognized the ability and good management of the N. F. S. D. admitted it into the National Fraternal Congress. Now the N. F. S. D. is on an equal footing with the hearing lodges.

It would be a nice thing if the N. F. S. D. would, after awhile, build a fraternal home of their own. I have visited the Odd Fellows' Home situated in Springfield. It is, indeed, a majestic home. The Home Building Fund was created by a tax of one dollar per member for one year. The maintenance fund is made up of a tax of forty cents per member per year. The furnishing of the rooms is done by lodges. An average attendance for the year is 244; expense per capita, maintenance per year, is \$146.36 or per week \$2.81; disbursements for maintenance only are \$35,712.19 per year. Suppose there are 1,600 members of the N. F. S. D. An assessment of one dollar a member each week for one year toward the home building fund would come up to \$83,200.00. It will be easily seen that we could build a home with the money if we keep up the spirit, the pride and the expense of its support. An assessment of forty cents per week for the maintenance fund would reach \$33,200.00 per year. Say, if there were twenty-five aged Frats in the home, the cost of supporting an aged frat would be about \$2.75 per week, or twenty-five aged Frats at \$2.75 per week, for one year, would be \$3,575.00. Thus it will be seen that the \$33,200.00 based on an assessment of forty cents per week for one year from 1,600 members, would last about ten years at least. Here is a splendid opportunity for the organization of such a home for the aged frats.

J. ERNEST PERSHING.

First Deaf Mute—"He wasn't so very angry, was he?"

Second Deaf Mute—"He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers."—*Pittsburg Leader*.

"God bless you" is the old-fashioned summing-up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.—*George Eliot*.

The Origin of the O. W. L. S.

For over two years I have been endeavoring to write an account of the founding of the O. W. L. S. The request that I do so has come from more than one source, and particularly from the national President, Mrs. Divine, who had been informed that the first minute book of the O. W. L. S. was not to be found. The matters that have engaged my attention, however, have been so many that I have deferred this one till I could obtain some data to assist my memory. I have kept no written or printed accounts.

It is now very nearly twenty-one years since the O. W. L. S. was founded, which was in the early winter of the college year of 1891-92. It was planned by nobody in particular, but by all the young women students together. During my first year at college, 1888-89, we lived in the house of Dr. Gallaudet on Kendall Green, his family having removed temporarily to Hartford. Co-education was at that time an experiment at Gallaudet, and we did not attempt any kind of organization, excepting meetings of the Kings' Daughters, which I think Rosa Halpen, '92, had in charge. In the spring of 1889 the education of both sexes was made a permanent feature of the college work, and the college girls were given the upper rooms in the main building of the Kendall School. During our first two years in these quarters we did not organize, but during the year of 1890-91 the subject was frequently discussed. As soon as we girls knew that we had won a permanent entrance into the college, we knew that our own organizations as distinct from those of the boys, were simply a matter of time and initiative.

We girls were always welcome to the meetings of the boys' "Lit" and always enjoyed attending them, especially when any of the intellectual leaders took part in a debate or rendered an essay. But our attending these meetings gradually made us more and more dissatisfied to have none of our own. We felt that we could do it too. And we wanted to do it differently, and not pattern after the "Lit" or any of the societies in the various state schools from which we had come. We had great dreams of an organization that should be literary, dramatic, social,—that should, in short, be flexible enough to include all that we might devise of both headwork and frolic. In the late fall of 1891 frequent preliminary meetings were held in the room where dear old Prof. Porter had his library, the room where the girl students always assembled, and where all the meetings of the O. W. L. S. took place as long as I remained at college. Many other things, of which it is not my intention to speak here, took place in that same room.

The charter members of the society were Alto Lowman '92, afterwards Mrs. Kavanaugh; Lulu Herdman '93, now Mrs. J. H. Cloud; Lily Bicksler '94, afterwards Mrs. B. R. Adabough; Hannah Schankweiler '94, now Mrs. Stephen Shuey; May Martin '95, afterwards Mrs. H. L. Stafford; Minnie Mickle '96, afterwards Mrs. J. C. Howard; Josephine Daly '96, now Mrs. O. Regensburg; Augusta Kruse '95, now Mrs. J. W. Barrett; Laura Frederick, '95, now Mrs. Gilbert Erickson; Grace Rhodes '94, now Mrs. Frank; Emma Keirshner '94, Mary Gorman '95; Christine Thompson '95; Bertha Block '96, now Mrs. Barnes; Helen Price '96, now Mrs. Elmer Hannan, and myself. The list is as complete as I can make it from memory at this distance of time. Together we worked out the plan of the society. To select a name for it was a difficult matter. Each girl was to think of one or more names, and then we were to vote on the most appropriate one. May Martin it was who thought of the happy name of the O. W. L. S., and also of the words for which these letters stand. It was unanimously adopted. The constitution was then written out, and the provisions voted on by the assembled girls. I remember distinctly that I wrote the oath binding all members to secrecy as to the meaning of the letters of our name, and a funny jumble of words it was. The same oath was still in use a few years



MR AND MRS. JOHN BARRY TRUNDLE.

On September 4th, 1912, Mr. John A. Trundle of Centerville, Md., and Miss Annie B. Barry of Baltimore, were married in Grace Episcopal Church by the Rev. O. J. Whildin. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trundle are widely known to and very popular among the Deaf of Maryland. Mrs. Trundle has for years been a helpful and enthusiastic Mission Worker in Baltimore.

Mr. Trundle is a successful truck farmer paying particular attention to the growing of celery for which Tabot Co., Mo., is noted.

ago, I am told by an owl who came after my time. I have never heard of an owl so disloyal as to break this oath, and our name has always remained a mystery to all not initiated.

For the following accounts of the organization and the names of the first officers I am indebted to Jay Cooke Howard '95, who has kept them in his scrap-books, and kindly looked them up and sent me copies at my request. The first is taken from the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* of January 17, 1892, and was written by Martin M. Taylor under the name of "M. M. T. '92:"

"The young ladies of the college have formed a Literary Society of their own. The meetings will be tri-weekly. The first meeting took place last Friday evening, Miss Agatha Tiegel '93, is President, Miss Martin '95, Secretary, and Miss Bicksler '94, Critic. Misses Lowman '92, Frederick '95, and Herdman '93 compose the Executive Committee. The object of the Society is similar to that of the boys, with the addition of tableaux, charades, storytelling, etc."

The second account is taken from the *Minnesota Companion* of about the same date as the above, and the writer is Mr. Howard himself under the name of "Jay":

"We learn that the young ladies have started a literary society. It is to be on an entirely different plan from that of our "Lit." Instead of the essay, debate, dialogue, declamation, programme, they will have a more varied programme which will be altered each meeting by the President. There will be charades, characters taken from books and many other literary exercises. Meetings will be held every three weeks, and officers elected every term. The President is Miss A. Tiegel '93, Miss Martin '95, Secretary and Miss Bicksler '94, Critic."

I was a shy and awkward girl of eighteen at the time, and well remember the struggles I had to overcome my diffidence and appear at ease while I presided. At the end of the second term or semester of 1891-92 Miss Lowman was elected President for the last term, as she was our first and only senior. At the next election, in the fall of 1892, I was again chosen President. As Miss Herdman, '93, did not return to college for her last year,

I was the only senior among the girls during the year of 1892-93, and the first girl to complete the full course of study. In consideration of this the girls, on motion of Miss Martin, elected me to remain in office for the full college year of three terms, till I graduated in June 1893.

The names of the other officers who served while Miss Lowman was President, and of those who served with me during the year of 1892-93, I have forgotten. They can be obtained from the college correspondence of the time in the deaf press, and some of them from the first volume of the *Buff and Blue*, the first number of which was issued some months after the O. W. L. S. was started.

During the founding of the society, and while it was in its early infancy, we had the kindly interest and encouragement of Dr. Gallaudet and the faculty. They attended our first public meeting and were judges at our first public debate. Without their sympathy we should not have ventured to proceed.

I believe that I have now given the main facts concerning the origin of the girls' club at Gallaudet. As the years have passed I have watched with pleasure and pride the growth of the O. W. L. S., and have often regretted that distance has prevented my attending any meetings since my graduation. The girls at Gallaudet have been faithful to the design with which the O. W. L. S. was started, and have carried it to a success of which the charter members did not dream.

AGATHA TIEGEL HANSON, Gallaudet '93.

Correction Notice

In my letter published in your October issue, I stated that Mrs. Agatha Tiegel Hanson was not the first President of the O. W. L. S. Society. That was an error which I regret. But although one of the original "Owls" who called my attention to Mrs. A. K. Barrett's article as mentioned in my letter, said she clearly remembered that when the society was organized, she saw Mrs. May Martin Stafford make the opening address as its first president, and although I had had the impression for a long time that Mrs. Stafford was the first president of the society, I was by no means certain about that until I had made inquiries in other directions. Now I have just received the positive information that Mrs. Hanson and not Mrs. Stafford was the first president. With apologies to Mrs. Hanson for the error, I am sure, however, that she will admit the fact that it was Mrs. Stafford who first planned the O. W. L. S. Society and who first gave it its name.

AN EXPLANATION

The November number of the *SILENT WORKER* and my letter to that paper correcting my correction which appeared in the October issue, crossed each other.

I have noted both Mr. Olof Hanson's correction and Mrs. A. K. Barrett's explanation. I do not at all question their statements, but I wish to explain that when, in my first correction, I mentioned Mrs. Hanson's failure "to disclaim credit which did not belong to her," I meant the credit of organizing the O. W. L. S. Society.

H. L. STAFFORD.

DULUTH, MINN.

She is a Suffragist.



DAUGHTER OF OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, VENICE, CAL.

CLIPPINGS

BY J. L. JOHNSON

Mr. Paul Kees, a deaf printer from New Jersey, called on us recently. He is at the Printers' Home taking the tuberculosis treatment, and apparently being much benefitted by the Colorado climate.—*Colorado Index*

It is surprising how many parents will keep their deaf children out of school, on one pretext or another—seldom giving a good reason for so doing. The deaf child is more dependent than the hearing, and its education is more important.—*The Deaf Oklahoman*.

It is generally known that Mr. C. P. Rodgers, who was killed last year by an accident to his airship at Long Beach, Cal., was deaf. He was a native of Pittsburgh, and an attack of scarlet fever in childhood left him without hearing. His speech was fairly good. Last year he crossed the continent in his ship, and the record for distance still stands.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

Scientists at work on a universal language have one symbol to start with that already has the same meaning the world over," a traveler said. "That is the skull and crossbones. Its speech is even more universal than music or money. Musical values differ in different countries, so does money, but from one end of the earth to the other a skull and crossbones means poison."—*West Virginia Tablet*.

Very often the question is asked: Why don't the adult deaf and dumb read more? It is a point that has much to do with the pupils after the school period has been passed. Do the old pupils really take to reading much in their after school life? The answer is, "There are degrees of learning like everything else. "Thousands of hearing people do not read much else but a half-penny paper, and even then they turn instinctively to the sporting columns only. The political situation, or the risks of foreign invasion, are simply nothing in comparison with the latest league matches. If the friends of the deaf can not, or will not, take interest in literature, it is unreasonable to expect the deaf themselves to do so.

They go with the stream, and the main thing is the home surroundings.—*British Deaf Times*.

We were very much amused a few evenings ago at a half-grown deaf boy who had just arrived for the first time. Everything was strange to him and he made no effort to conceal his wonderment. He had evidently never before seen deaf persons in conversation, and the sign-language was a mystery to him. He stood quietly for a time looking on with the greatest interest while a group of boys were using vigorous gestures in telling of the pleasures and exploits of the summer. The newcomer could see that every motion of the hand carried some meaning with it, and he determined to at once avail himself of this mysterious method of communication. Unobserved by anyone but the writer he walked off quietly

to an obscure corner and turning his face to the wall, began to gesticulate wildly. If his signs were not exactly the genuine article he evidently thought they were just as good, and after practicing awhile he walked back to the group of boys and undertook to show off his newly-acquired accomplishment. But somehow or other his system wouldn't work, and when the boys after concealing their amusement for a time finally broke away in a hearty laugh, he walked away with an air of disgust as much as to say, if you don't like my way of making signs I shall not put myself on intimate terms with you.—*The Virginia Guide*.

A \$6000 DEAF FARMER

Robert S. Taylor, 1901 graduate of Gallaudet College, has made a success of his farm at Mount Olive, N. C. The gross value of the products last year amounted to at least \$6,000, and this left him with a big balance on the right side of the ledger. He manipulated his crops so as to get more than one, sometimes three, from the same field. His strawberries, honey, and poultry brought in a good part of the sum total. His experience and success are full of encouragement to energetic and intelligent deaf men to take up farming. Robert is thankful that he left his profession of teaching as early as he did, and his advice is to waste no time philtering around a school for the deaf, but to go right in and get an early start.—*Buff and Blue*.

ORIGIN OF THE CHATAUQUA SALUTE

You have seen the Chatauqua salute, that mute tumult of waving handkerchiefs, have no doubt often wondered how the unique demonstration originated. Bishop Vincent, the venerable founder of Chatauqua, tells an interesting story of the origin of the salute.

In the early days of Chatauqua, a distinguished deaf-mute was invited to address the assembly. In the finger-language of the mute, he spoke to an audience of five thousand. An interpreter, standing at his side, conveyed the address to the audience in the spoken word. At frequent intervals, the distinguished speaker moved the listeners to great applause executed in the regulation methods of clapping the hands. The speaker saw but he could not hear the applause. Seated on the platform was Vincent. The pathos of the situation, consisting of the speaker's inability fully to comprehend the spirited volume of the applause, struck him forcibly.

Unseen by the deaf-mute Bishop Vincent silenced the interpreter for a moment, caught the attention of the audience, and requested them, at a signal from him, to draw each a handkerchief from their pockets, and wave them aloft in token of appreciation of the visitor's speech.

Presently Bishop Vincent began waving his handkerchief, following an impressive passage in the address, and instantly the great assembly room broke into a silent tumult of waving handkerchiefs. The effect upon the speaker when the significance of the act of the audience burst upon him, was supreme. Never had he beheld such a



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demonstration before. The dramatic appreciation of his efforts by the audience moved him to tears, and he sank into his chair, unable to finish, while the huge audience waved and waved.—*The Colorado Index*.

A DEAF AND DUMB BRAKEMAN

For many years there was employed on the Bangor end of the Portland division of the Maine Central Railroad a deaf and dumb brakeman. In the years that I knew him he was on the most particular part of a freight train—the head end. That was back in the 80's.

His run was from Bangor to Waterville and return, on a local freight, and his conductor was the late Dan Westcott. Many wondered how he could make himself understood and also understand the orders that were given to him.

This was done by signs. He always worked with the same crew. The men got accustomed to him, and could do their work as quickly as if he had the use of all his faculties. He was always on the watch.

Those were the days of handbrakes and link-and-pin couplings. No matter what part of the train he might be on, he would always know when they whistled for brakes and would be the first man on the job. He was always very fortunate about accidents and proudly pointed to his complete equipment of fingers—something old freight brakemen could seldom do. Only once in the years I knew him was he hurt. It was

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nothing serious—just a finger pinched a little.

He was called "Dummy." I doubt if many knew his real name. He went on his last run some years ago.—*Railroad Men's Magazine*.

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It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
Between old "Calib" Capulet and "Moses" Montague;

Now "Moses" had an only son, a little dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.

And "Calib" had a little girl just home from boarding school,

Miss Juliet was her christian name, for short they called her "Jule."

To bring the lady "out" he gave a ball at his plantation,

And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.

One, Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to "growl" and "pout,"

And watched an opportunity to put young Romeo out;

But "Calib" saw the "game" and said, "Now cousin don't be cross." Behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the "boss?"

When Juliet beheld Romeo, his beauty did enchant her;

And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet "instantly." Now, lest their "dads" should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried,

Away to "Squire" Lawrence sped, and secretly were married.

Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square

And Tybalt being very "wroth" at Romeo did swear, And Romeo his weapon drew, a knife of "seven blades,"

And made a gap in "Tibby's" ribs and sent him to the "shades."

The watchman came, he took to flight down alley, street and square.

The "coppies" ran, and caught their man and took him to the "mayor."

Then spoke the worthy magistrate, (and savagely did frown.)

"Young man you'll have to lose your head or else 'vamose' the town.

He choose the last and left his bride in solitude to pine;

"Ah, me!" said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine!"

And then to make the matter worse her father did embarrass

By saying she must give her hand to noble county Paris.

"This suitor is a goodly youth, today he comes to woo;

If you refuse the gentleman I'll surely "wallop" you."

The "Squire" he bade her go to bed and take some "laudanum."

"'Twill make you sleep and seem as dead, there can't thou dodge this blow."

A humbugged man your pa will be, a blest one Romeo."

She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold, they buried her next day.

That she'd "piped out," her Lord got word way out in Mantua.

Quoth he, "of life I've had enough; I'll hire "Bluffkins" mule. Lay in a pint of baldfaced rum and go tonight to "Jule."

Then rode he to the sepulchre 'mong dead folks, bats and creepers,

And swallowed down the burning dose when Juliet open'd her "peepers."

"Are you alive," or is it your ghost? Speak quickly before I go."

"Alive," she cried, "and kicking too, "Art thou my Romeo?"

"It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom, O Juliet is it possible that you were acting possum?"

"I was, indeed, now let's go home. Pa's spite will have abated.

What ails you, love, you stagger so. Are you intoxicated?"

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"No, no, my love, I took some stuff that caused a little fit,"

He staggered hard to tell her all but couldn't so he quit.

In shorter time than it takes a lamb to wag its tail or jump,

Poor Romeo was as stiff and pale as any white-washed pump.

Then Juliet seized that awful knife and in her bosom stuck it—

Let out a most terrific yell, fell down and "kicked 'the bucket!"

"O."

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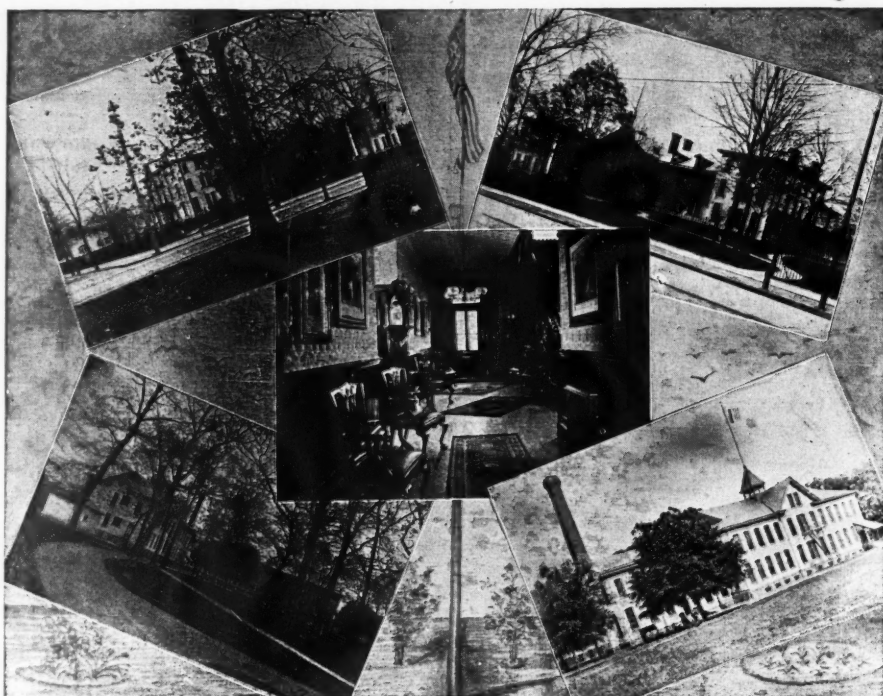
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